

EVENING TELEGRAPH.

10 CENTS PER WEEK

DIXON, ILLINOIS, SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 20, 1886

NUMBER 897

CLOAKS



LADIES' MISSES AND CHILDREN'S GARMENTS.

LOWEST PRICES!



S. G. AUSTIN & CO

—J. C. Mead is fixing up his store in grand shape.

—Secretary of State Dement came up from Springfield yesterday and returned this morning.

—Fred C. Chadwick and Wm. R. Hauze, of Amboy, were admitted to the bar at Springfield on Thursday.

—The Wallace House at Sterling has been purchased by the Masonic lodge and will be known no longer as a hotel.

—District Deputy C. Gonnerman has returned from the meeting of the Grand Lodge of the I. O. O. F. at Springfield.

—W. S. Lilly, one of the foremost philosophical thinkers and Writers of England, has prepared for the December number of *The Forum* an article which is likely to command wide attention, on "The Present Outlook for Christianity." He holds that the belief of Christendom stands absolutely intact and unassailable from the point of view of science.

—Samuel J. Howe was admitted to the bar at Springfield on Thursday after an examination before a committee of the judges. As soon as his term as superintendent of schools expires he will enter upon the practice of law. He will occupy Judge Eustace's office in Exchange Block. Being a young man of energy and ability he will without doubt succeed in his chosen profession.

—Michael McGowan, who has been one of the acting and active deputies for Sheriff Edwards, goes into the County Clerk's office when Mr. Thompson, the officer elect, takes charge. Mr. McGowan is a young man who has conducted himself in a manner, since his residence in Dixon, to make many warm friends, and it was probably his prompt business habits that caused the newly elected officer to offer him the position.

—When the Washington delegates were appointed at the Canal meeting in Chicago on Thursday we were not present and therefore we published the names of the delegates as we found them in the Inter-Ocean. The Times, however, gives the name of Colonel Uley, in addition to the Inter-Ocean's list, as one of the delegates and we hasten to make this correction; as we are glad to note that Dixon was not forgotten in making up the delegation.

—Professor Foster, the meteorological prognosticator of Iowa, in the opinion of THE TELEGRAPH holds over all the other prophets in predicting coming weather events. His last success was that of telling us several weeks in advance all about the recent blizzard that was right here at Dixon on time. In his prophecy he stated that the storm would sweep over Iowa on the sixteenth and cross the Mississippi river on the eighteenth instant, and it was there only three or four hours behind time. As a storm it was a complete success, as those who were compelled to be out in it on Thursday were probably made well aware.

—In its report of the banquet of the Iroquois Club THE EVENING TELEGRAPH gave quite extended reports of the speeches made by the leading Democratic statesmen of the nation and therefore it may be well now to explain, what the readers have doubtless noticed for the last two years, that the Daily has not been a partisan journal in any sense of the word. While we intend to give as much of both sides of the great political questions of the day as a fair understanding of what is going on demands we hope not to become really an offensive partisan. We now refer only to the DAILY TELEGRAPH.

TEMPERANCE SERMON.

BY REV. JOHN WILKINSON AT ST. LUKE'S CHURCH, SUNDAY, NOV. 14th, 1886.

(Continued from yesterday.)

Construe this passage literally or figuratively as you will, it means this: That suppose a man capable of overcoming such a habit as intemperance and expelling the enemy from his heart—that he could cleanse himself from the guilt he has contracted by sin, and start again pure and undefiled—there will come a time, sooner or later, when the enemy of God and man will return in sevenfold might, and then if the soul be empty, no Spirit of God dwelling within to resist intruding foes and vanquish them by His Omnipotence; the tempted one will be again overcome, and falling again into sin, the last state will be worse than the first. Observation shows this; that a man who has violated his pledge, forgotten his solemn vows and has fallen again into dissipation—that such a man plunges deeper into vice, becomes more reckless, more hopelessly enthralled than ever before. And does not the awful fact teach us this—that Divine Grace can alone be sufficient for the weakness which is drawn away of its own lusts and enticed? that in the hour of trial when evil returns in sevenfold strength, the tempted one can only conquer through Him Who loved us and gave Himself for us? Divine forgiveness can alone remit the guilt of sin, and Divine Grace alone uphold in the hour of trial. The Stronger than the strong must bind the evil one and cast him out, and make us more than conquerors through His mighty power. It is told of the Rev. George Whitfield that on a certain occasion he found a drunken man in the gutter and helping him to his feet was about to lead him to a place of shelter, when he was accosted by the man, with leering eye and drunken stammer, who said, "Mr. Whitfield don't you know me? I am one of your converts!" Said Mr. Whitfield—"You look like one of my converts. If you had been converted by the Spirit of God I would not have found you in the gutter!"

4th. And this is the last point I have time to dwell upon to-night—The need of Divine Grace to keep the drunkard from falling again under the dominion of evil habits leads the Church Temperance Society to the necessary conclusion that the only true Temperance organization is The Church of the Living God; the Pillar and ground of Truth in all that pertains to human restoration and human progress. If intemperance is a sin, a violation of the Divine Law, needing to be repented of and forgiven, then the place for him who would find a way of escape from the temptation; who would be sure of Divine help in his weakness, and who when fallen seeks to rise again in newness of life, is in the covenant of his Savior's Love; the communion of His holy Church. When our Blessed Lord established His Church on earth, He planned and organized it complete in itself and sufficient for all the exigencies of human life. He endowed it with all the agencies and ordinances requisite for the restoration of our fallen nature to the likeness of His own perfect manhood; and according to this theory of the church, we can only be wise and true laborers in the cause of Temperance as a necessary part of the Christian life, by striving to bring all men to Christ, the Great Physician, that they may be healed from the disease of sin, and restored to perfect soundness in body and in soul. We can only hope for a complete restoration of the inebriate, as of any other sinner, when we receive him into that great spiritual hospital which the Good Physician has established for the healing of the nation. Conversion as we understand this work of God's Spirit in and with the heart of man, is that lifelong work by which the soul is ever turning away from sin to serve the Living God, and is perfecting holiness in the fear of God; is daily growing in grace and in the knowledge of the Son of God. To us this is the one way of all others to keep men in the first place from falling into habits of intemperance of any kind; and of reclaiming those who from any cause, have become gluttons, or drunkards or unclean. It is God's own way of receiving the returning Prodigal, not to any separate institution, but to the Father's House, and keeping him there, by that means prevent him from ever again straying into "the far country," to be degraded to the companionship of the swine. Here especially is where many Temperance workers differ from the Church

Temperance Society. They think they can work more effectually, more successfully reach the fallen, more hopefully guard the young from falling—by independent organizations; by Fraternities and societies where the social is the prominent feature and the church as such is kept in the background. But we cannot see the matter in this light, and may claim permission to hold our own views of this as of other questions, in all sincerity and love of the truth. The Church carries on the Temperance work within her ecclesiastical organization as a matter of essential principle and loyalty to her Almighty Head, and would gladly see all other Christians recognize the same principle, believing that the cause of Temperance is best served by keeping it on a religious basis; and teaching that the grace of God by which cometh Salvation, given to us in sacrament and in covenant fellowship one with another, is vitally essential to a true conversion from intemperance to sobriety as from any other sin to holiness. Thus would she secure within the sphere of her influence and the area of her operations, that right popular sentiment, that high public morality, by which sin can be resisted, social purity attained, the prosperity of the people promoted and the kingdoms of this world become the Kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ.

—We close to-day the sermon by the Rev. John Wilkinson on the subject of temperance. We shall publish it in the WEEKLY TELEGRAPH all in one paper.

Marriage Licenses.

Marriage licences have been issued, since our last report to Hiram Tuttle and Esther A. Cooper, Martin J. Siegel and Ella Marteeney.

Church Announcements.

LUTHERAN CHURCH.
Services morning and evening. A temperance lecture at night.

M. E. CHURCH.
Praise service this evening at the M. E. church at 7 o'clock followed with preaching by Presiding Elder Curtis at 8 o'clock. Everybody is invited.
Quarterly meeting services will be held to-morrow as follows: Love feast at 9:30 a. m.; preaching by the Presiding Elder at 10:30 followed by communion service. Preaching by the pastor in the evening.

ST. LUKE'S CHURCH.
Sunday before Advent, Nov. 21st. 10 a. m. the Holy Communion; 10:45 a. m. morning service and reading of the Pastoral letter. 12:15 p. m. Sunday school; 7 p. m. evening prayer and sermon. Topic, "Unity or Union?"

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
Rev. E. C. Sickels, pastor. Service at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 12 m. Young People's Meeting at 6 p. m.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.
Sunday School at 10 o'clock a. m. Morning Service at 11; subject of sermon: "Some views of Thanksgiving." Evening Services at 7; subject: "Some of the Bridges between this and the Future Life." Seats free. All cordially invited.

Short-Hand College Notes

We are glad to learn of Miss Jessie McKay's good success in her short-hand work since going to Chicago. She is now employed with the R. G. Dunn Commercial Agency at about \$65.00 per month. Miss Emma J. Ayres, of this place, has just accepted an excellent position as stenographer and type-writer in the home office of the Home Insurance Co., at Lincoln, Neb.

We have an interesting letter from Mr. Chas. W. French, formerly of Dixon, from which we quote as follows: "I am now working for a life insurance company at \$80.00 per month. I have done some reporting for various papers, and have copies of speeches of Gov. St. John, Senator Cockrell and many others." Mr. French entered the short-hand arena some time ago as court reporter, reporting in the courts of North Missouri, and that after but ten weeks' study with us. Mr. Charley Johnson, of Ashland, Oregon, has sent us remittance for full course by correspondence.

Miss Fanny M. Shroyer, writes relative to her success at court reporting in the courts at Pontiac, Ill.

Mr. I. D. Waggener, of Gilead, Mo., who is continuing the study in connection with school duties, writes: "I think more of the art than ever. I believe I can easily attain a speed of 160 words per minute by the close of my winter term of school."

Miss Frankie M. Andrus, of Kansas City, writes: "I like my place very

much. Indeed, I could not ask to be more pleasantly situated."
Mr. Eugene Howell writes: I am doing very nicely. It is no trouble to do the work required of me.

Orendorf for Governor of Dakota.
WASHINGTON CITY, Nov. 20.—Mr. Springer has been to the president to suggest the appointment of Alfred Orendorf as governor of Dakota. Governor Pierce is ready to retire at any time, and anxious to retire by next spring at the latest. The president can't spare time enough from his message to consider the matter seriously now, but after congress meets, or, at latest, immediately after the adjournment in March, he will apply himself to the selection of a governor for Dakota, with the chances in Mr. Orendorf's favor.

Recommendations by the Supervising Architect.
WASHINGTON CITY, Nov. 20.—The report of Supervising Architect Bell renews the recommendation made last year for the organization of a board of public buildings to co-operate with the architect's office, and suggests that all the employees of his office, excepting those of whom special qualifications are required, be placed under civil service rules.

British and German Steel Rails.
LONDON, Nov. 20.—The report of the Middleborough chamber of commerce shows that steel rails of British manufacture are taking the place of German rails in neutral markets.

Assignment in Denver.
DENVER, Col., Nov. 20.—A. J. Arfsten, furniture dealer, has assigned. Liabilities, \$42,875, mostly to wholesale dealers in eastern cities. Nominal assets, \$30,000.

The Wilson-Moen Case.
BOSTON, Nov. 20.—West and O'Loughlin, counsel for Wilson, have filed a supplemental motion for a new trial, for the further reason that on the contract between Wilson and Moen, as alleged by the plaintiff in his declaration, the jury failed to find and report a verdict as required by law. No date has been fixed for hearing this motion.

Fire in Hampton Court Palace.
LONDON, Nov. 20.—A fire Friday morning in Hampton Court palace destroyed the apartments which abut on the tennis court. Considerable damage was done to some of the other apartments before the flames were subdued.

Theodore Rust is a skillful and practical watch repairer. References from some of the largest eastern jewelry firms as to honesty and ability. Work and goods guaranteed. 897w1

Horse Notes.
"When my horses were sick with lung fever, last Spring, I used Simmons Liver Regulator (liquid) in one ounce doses, twice a day, and they speedily recovered." —E. T. MICHENER, Prop. Michener's Express, Jenkintown, Pa.

"A valuable horse of mine was taken with colic, I used Simmons Liver Regulator, giving about four ounces; it acted promptly, removing the colic." —W. A. HOLLAND, Jessupville, Ga.

The sale of first-class time keepers at extremely low prices, is a specialty at Rust's. 897w1

New line of rings, lace pins, chains, silver ware, clocks, at Rust's the jeweler.

Diamond rings, ear drops, lace pins; lowest prices at THEODORE RUST'S.

GRAND Promenade Concert

—AND—
SELECT PARTY
Wed. Ev'g Nov. 24th.

GIVEN BY
SMITH'S
Full Concert Orchestra!

20 PIECES 20.
Under the leadership of PROF. FERD. HEFT, late of Neuchatel, Switzerland, and Conservatory.

Don't Fail to witness the Musical Event of the Season. The whole Gallery Reserved for those who wish to attend the Concert and witness the Dance. Seats for sale now at Theo. J. Hyde & Co's. No extra charge of reserved seats.

FOR SALE.
HOUSE—Cheap and on easy terms a small house, on North side of river, with good barn. 887w2 A. C. BARDWELL.

FOR RENT.
BARN on South side of river. Apply to A. C. BARDWELL. 887w2

WANTED.
WANTED. General agents, to wholesale and retail my New Motor. Rare chance to make money. Good salary or 50 cents on the dollar commission. Send for circulars. F. M. WEAVER, Indianapolis, Ind. 894y1
GIRL—A good girl to do kitchen work and that understands cooking. Apply of Mrs. SHERIFF WOODYATT.

S. C. WORREL

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Staple and Fancy Groceries

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WHOLESALE PRICES

Without extra charge for freight or cartage, and can be found at

HENRY BIVINS'

Flour and Feed Store,

HENNEPIN ST.

HENRY BIVINS will always be found there ready to wait upon all customers wishing anything in the line of Provisions, Flour or Feed.

CALL AND GET PRICE LIST.

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The Leading Question!

Where can I find the best assortment

—OF—

UNDERWEAR, MUFFLERS, NECKTIES OR SILK HANDKERCHES!

AT JAMES H. TODD'S.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE FINE

OVERCOATS

Charles A. Todd

THE HATTER,

Is showing at the Hat Store.

Another case of those

FINE STIFF HATS

Just received.

GLOVES AND MITTENS

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CHAS. A. TODD'S,

HAT STORE,

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—AND—

HACK LINE

Runs to All Trains, Day and Night

ATTENDS IN PERSON.

Orders left at Andrew Hennessy's will Receive Prompt Attention.

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WHEN YOU PASS

THE STORE

OF

THEO. J. HYDE & CO'S

JUST CAST YOUR EYE IN THEIR

SHOW WINDOW

AT THE

ELEGANT LINE

OF

BASKETS.

A GEORGIA farmer has a goat that joins gleefully with a hound in hunting rabbits. When on the trail he imitates the dogs and runs with his nose to the ground, but when the quarry is in view, upgo head and tail, and he dashes after the unfortunate bunny regardless of his companions.

A NOVA SCOTIA farmer, hunting for his cows at dusk, came upon a big black bear that at once showed fight. The farmer was about to seek safety in flight, when his three cows, bellowing loudly, with tails erect and fire in their usually placid eyes, charged the bear so fiercely that he turned tail and fled.

Don't sprinkle your milk punch with nutmeg. The common nutmegs are poisonous in large doses. In a case which came under medical treatment a lady had eaten a whole nutmeg and a half, which caused extreme drowsiness, then great nervous excitement, followed by subsequent depression and pain in the region of the heart.

A LITTLE Skye terrier in Pittsburgh followed a big New Foundland dog, barking and snapping at his heels. The big dog stopped, looked at the little fellow for a moment, and, as this did not stop his barking, he grabbed him, shook him, and walking to the gutter dropped him there. The little dog's back was broken in two or three places.

A CITIZEN of Portland, who has lived there forty years, and has kept statistics, as far as practicable, of the morality of Oregon, has come to the conclusion that the average longevity is greater than that of any State in the Union. He ascribes the fact to the climate and simplicity in the mode of living. During the year ending last June nine Oregonians died, aged 100.

A CITIZEN of Olneyville, R. I., bragged that he could get a drink on Sunday, and to prove it confidentially asked a doctor for something to brace him up. The doctor knew the man, and wrote a prescription calling for aqua pura; the druggist saw the joke and put up the water in a flat bottle, and charged a round price for it. The buyer's remarks when he tasted the dose are not reportable.

In Texas may be found papers with such name as the *Cyclone, Gospel Flame, Seven Manions, Criterion, Dot, Red Man, Rustler, Maverick, Trumpet, Rocket, Breeze, Simoom, Jimplecute, Wide Awake, Black Waxy, Ball, Mesquite, Staked Plain, Panhandle, Pinery, Sharpshooter, Free Tongue, Balance Wheel, Success, Advocate of Holiness, Platonian Messenger, Plow and Hammer*, etc.

THE palatial residence of Mrs. Mark Hopkins, in process of erection at Great Barrington, Mass., has a state dining-room, forty by sixty feet, two stories in height, with a roof of glass. The walls of this room are finished in all varieties of Italian marble. There are two breakfast-rooms, one capable of accommodating a large number of guests. The residence has several beautiful towers, and a lawn of over 100 acres. The place will cost nearly \$3,000,000.

A MEDICAL writer recommends sleeping with the feet higher than the head, which he avers is the only rational and proper position during sleep. He knows, because he has tried it four years. He finds that he awakes earlier in the morning, feels more refreshed and is capable of much better work during the day. The brain is better nourished, he says, and the lungs are benefited. After a while another reformer will turn up advising folks to sleep standing on their heads.

"In Honduras," says Col. Pat Donan, "you never hear of a man sitting down so hard as to rip his pantalons because he has stepped on a banana skin. Then the oranges! Why, they're so large and juicy that they burst open on the branches like baked apples. In the forest it is a common thing to find the ground under an orange tree as damp as though it had been moistened by a lawn sprinkler, just from the juice that drops from the bursted fruit. I tell you that's a great country. Honduras grows more oranges wild than are cultivated in the groves of California and Florida combined, and other fruits in proportion."

"My son," says Robert J. Burdette in the *Brooklyn Eagle*, "I observe that you are pleased to be a little bit sarcastic on the subject of the 'modern evangelist.' Now, do let the evangelist have his way, as well as the 'reformers.' Let him go where the crowd is.

He won't hurt the crowd. He doesn't teach the multitude to do anything wrong. Herr Most didn't get into jail for listening to Sam Jones. The Chicago anarchists were not the out-growth of a revival meeting. No Presbyterian elder, no Methodist class leader, no Baptist deacon has been indicted for throwing bombs at the police. There may have been an infidel or two, a free-thinker, maybe, an atheist, perhaps, mixed up in that crowd of anarchists; I do not positively know, but there may have been; you can easily ascertain. But I do know that the deacon and the elder weren't there. None of Sam Jones' converts were there. This evangelist may have some odd, rough, funny ways of teaching; but he doesn't teach evil."

SOME revelations are made, says an English paper, which throw a disagreeable light on the habits of the busy bee, whose bright example has been the theme of so many moral discourses. The bee is found to be neither more nor less than a downright drunkard, when he gets the chance, preferring the easy delights of cordials and spirits to the toilsome flights o'er sunny swards and honey-laden flowers. There is a swarm of bees no further away than Kennington who persist in improving the shining hour by gathering honey from spirits and cordials. The bottler applied to the magistrate for protection, but the magistrate remarked that they evidently preferred those insidious liquids to flowers. "It was impossible to muzzle the bees, ferocious though they were, and Sir Charles Warren has not yet issued any edict defining control," so said Mr. Chance. He might have added that if they were intoxicated or disorderly he would be willing to grant a warrant for their apprehension. However, this view did not strike him. If the awful example of the Kenningtonians spreads Sir Wilfrid Lawson may find in bees a more powerful agent than all the formidable and extensive organizations of the alliance. If bees once begin to lay siege to public-houses, gin-palaces, breweries, and distilleries, why the landlords may as well shut up shop.

At the last meeting of the China Asiatic Society at Shanghai an instrument, which was a species of primitive telephone, was presented for inspection by Dr. Macgowan of Wenchow. It consisted of two bamboo cylinders, from one and a half to two inches in diameter, and four inches in length; one end of each was closed by a tympanum of pig bladder, which was perforated for the transmitting string, the latter being kept in place by being knotted. This rude instrument is called the "listening tubes," and is employed for amusement as a toy, conveying whispers forty to fifty feet. It is unknown in many parts of China, the Provinces of Che-kiang and Kiangsu being the only ones, so far as can be ascertained, where the listening tubes are employed. Besides this toy Chinese ingenuity produced, about a century and a half ago, "the thousand-mile speaker." This instrument is described as a "roll of copper, likened to a pipe, containing an artificial device; whispered into, and immediately closed, the confined message, however long, may be conveyed to any distance, and thus in a battle recent instructions may be conveniently communicated. It is a contrivance of extraordinary merit." The inventor of "the thousand-mile speaker," one Chiang Shun-hsin of Hui-chou, flourished during the reign of Kang-hsi, during parts of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. He wrote on occult science, astronomy, and foreign physics, and the above description of his invention was copied from his works into a provincial encyclopedia. At the same time the latter work was published—in the reign of Kien Lung—there was no longer an instrument of this kind in the province, as the ingenious invention appears to have perished with the student who contrived it.

THOUGHTFUL THOUGHTS.

TO LIVE long it is necessary to live slowly.
It is much easier to be critical than correct.
In this world a man must either be anvil or hammer.
CONCEIT may puff a man up, but never prop him up.
TAKE a rest; a field that has rested gives a bountiful crop.
CONTENTMENT is better than money, and just about as scarce.
The selfish man has most presence of mind. He never forgets himself.
METHOD is the very hinge to business, and there is no method without punctuality.
VANITY rules the fools, and often makes simpletons of those who know better.
WHAT we believe is right is more often so because it grinds our ax than otherwise.
MONEY is a handy commodity, and it takes enterprise and self-denial to get much of it.

OUR WEDDING TRIP.

BY LE ROY PARKER.

Our wedding day, dear John's and mine,
At last, at last had come;
When we as two should cease to be,
And love and live as one.

How eagerly we talked about
The places where we'd go,
All maiden fear was lulled to rest,
We loved each other so.

The words were said that made us one,
We wept our last good-bye,
O'er summer seas we sailed and sailed
To lands with bluer skies.

Where Arno's waters swiftly slip
'Neath Ponte Vecchio's stones;
Where Santa Croce's marble saints
Watch o'er her honored bones.

Where gleam the gems of art divine
On church and palace walls;
Where on the ear the Sistine chant
Like seraph music falls.

Across fair Naples' azure bay,
Where Capri's smiling shore
Wooes those who love to feast for aye,
Never to wander more—

Through all that land of art and song,
Where love holds sway supreme,
We roamed and quaffed life's richest draught,
And lived as in a dream.

Was this indeed our wedding trip?
No. Only what we talked.
We went from mother's house to John's,
And John and I both walked.

—Century.

A SECRET REVEALED.

BY PAUL M. MOORE.

One morning Arthur Heywood received a strange letter. It was from his maiden aunt, Miss Maud Heywood.

"Come at once," it said. "I am going to die, and I want to leave you my property. It seems right to see you first."

Arthur had never met his Aunt Maud, who lived by herself in a handsome country residence. She had inherited it from her mother, while the boys—her brothers—were obliged to make their own fortunes. Arthur's father had been the eldest, and all he had ever said of his sister Maud was that something she had done in early youth had made them all angry, and that they never saw each other, and, for his part he never desired to do so. And now, when Arthur Heywood was quite alone in the world, this aunt had written to him. He expected to find a witch-like old woman lying in her bed. Instead, when a strange, elderly servant-woman had opened the door, he was ushered into a room where a beautiful woman, who, in the light of the shaded lamps, scarcely looked old at all, sat in a velvet chair, and held out her hand to him.

"You are a Heywood," she said. "You resemble your father, but are not so stern. Frank was stern to cruelty. And your mother is gone, too. Well, she must have had a hard life of it, unless he was kinder to her than to his sister. There, don't speak. I shall say nothing but what I feel. This estate ought to go to a Heywood. You shall have it. I think you will have to wait a few months. My heart is affected. I shall die very suddenly. At present I am not very ill, but it will be as I say. Don't express regret. You care nothing for me, and the estate is valuable, and, above all, I hate hypocrisy. I have made my will in your favor. Stay until the last."

With these words she closed Arthur's mouth. Then she rang the bell and ordered supper, and afterward dismissed her 30-year-old nephew to his room, at 9 o'clock, as though he had been a school-boy.

It was a large room at the end of a long passage, very handsomely furnished, but at the same time very gloomy.

Arthur felt curiously uncomfortable as he paced the long floor, and, despite the early hour, resolved to go to bed at once. A night-lamp stood upon the mantelpiece; he lit it before he retired. The excuse he made to himself was that his aunt might be taken ill in the night; but he was conscious of a renewal of his old childish terror of the supernatural.

"It is all this talk of dying, and of will and legacies," he said. "I shall sleep it off."

And, in fact, he fell asleep very shortly. And without being disturbed by so much as a dream until midnight, at which hour, the proper one, as we all know, for the ghost-seer, he was awakened with a start, to see at the foot of his bed a little dark woman with fierce, bright eyes, who wore a curious sort of white cap on her head, and a dress of some gray stuff, over which was tied a white apron. She seemed to be a nurse, or a servant of some sort, and it was Arthur's impression that his aunt was ill.

"Have you come to call me?" he asked. The woman came a little nearer.

"Yes," replied a voice, which made his blood run cold; "that woman is dying!"

"My aunt?" ejaculated Arthur.

"Your aunt," replied the figure. "If some one doesn't set to work at once she'll die without being hung. I want her hung!"

"This is a lunatic," thought Arthur.

He started to his feet, draping himself in a blanket, ready to do what seemed best under the circumstances, but the woman was gone.

He went to the door. It was fastened as he had left it on retiring. The windows were bolted down. There was no possibility of any one entering the room. Searching it thoroughly, he made sure that no one was hidden there, resolved that he had had a bad dream, and composed himself to sleep again, wondering why imagination should play such freaks upon him.

However, this dream, if dream it were, was repeated three times. Each time the strange, dark woman repeated her desire to see Maud Heywood hung, and declared that if it were not done it would soon be too late.

His aunt was not a woman to whom to repeat such a dream, even had she been in strong health. There was no one else to speak to.

But the thing seemed so curious that Arthur made a record of it in a sort of diary he was in the habit of keeping, following it by some reflections upon dreams. At last, however, he was awakened, not by a ghost, but by a rap on his door. His aunt was dying—a servant had come for him. When he reached her room she was insensible. She never spoke to him again. He could not mourn her loss, for she was almost a stranger to him, but he showed every mark of respect possible to her memory. The funeral was largely attended, rather from curiosity than any other feeling, for Miss Heywood had entertained no one, and visited no one in the neighborhood; and in due course of time the will was read. It left everything to Arthur Heywood, only son of her deceased

brother, Frank Heywood, and with but one proviso. The garret should remain as it was, fastened by bolt and lock and bar—never to be opened on any pretext whatever.

"I do not choose to say why," wrote the testator. "Unless my nephew will agree to this, he cannot inherit. I shall leave a codicil to be read, in case he refuses, directing the disposition to be made of my property."

But Arthur had no hesitation in agreeing to this whim of his dead aunt, who, doubtless, had consigned to the garret some treasures of her youth which she did not wish to destroy. And he took possession of the estate, and soon married and brought home a wife.

Years brought them a family, and still the garret remained closed. A garret is a great loss to a housekeeper; but whenever Mrs. Heywood made this remark, her husband would reply that "the estate would be a greater one."

"Who will ever know?" she would urge. "Who cares?"

"A codicil which I have never seen remains," Arthur would reply. "Who knows what might happen?"

And so his Fatima did no more than peep through the keyhole of this Bluebeard's chamber.

The mystery was greater, however, to the children; and when the eldest boy was ten years old it had occurred to him that nothing could be so delightful as to peep into that garret, in which might be hidden all sorts of wonderful treasures. And so one day, by means of a ladder some fruit-pickers had left near the house, he gained the sleeping roof, and reached the dormer window. Perched on the sill he peeped in; but at the moment the ladder slipped. He remained on the window-ledge, screaming for help; and the gardeners hearing him, ran to his assistance. However, though the child had crept up the sloping roof, the men could not reach him; and knowing nothing of the taboo which forbade the opening of the garret door, one of them bade the child remain where he was until he came, and rushed up the staircase, followed by all the household. The door was soon broken in, the window opened, the child rescued. And then Mrs. Heywood, who, until now, had forgotten all but her boy's danger, took breath and looked about her.

The garret was a bare place, hung with old garments, and smelling hideously. In one dark corner lay what looked like a bed. Upon it, what? To approach, to gaze, and to rush wildly from the room was the work of a moment.

It was a skeleton dressed in a gray gown, and with a cap upon its head, still covered with the long black hair, that lay there.

Arthur Heywood was absent from home at the time. When he returned he found the long sealed garret door opened, heard his wife's story amidst her sobs of terror, and proceeded to the spot. There he stood, transfixed with horror and astonishment. The skeleton upon the bed wore the gray dress, the white cap, and had the straight black hair of the woman who had appeared to him in the vision, demanding the execution of his aunt, Maud Heywood.

Whatever this meant, the discovery had been a public one, and so must the explanation be.

Arthur sent for the proper authorities, and also for the lawyer in whose possession was a codicil of the will which had given Arthur possession of the estate. This codicil had been enveloped and sealed by Miss Maud, who alone knew the contents. It contained these words:—

"This paper will only be opened if the garret is opened also. In that case my secret will be known to those who are of my own age, for there was much excitement when Jane Jarville disappeared. She was well known in the neighborhood, and but for letters which I wrote myself and exhibited to curious folks, the truth might have been suspected at the time."

"Jane came to live with me as housekeeper when I was but 20, thirty years ago. I was betrothed to a man I adored. My brother Rupert hated him. He placed Jane Jarville in my house as a spy. She intercepted letters and worked in such a way that my engagement was broken off and my life embittered. My lover left me with scorn, believing a false tale, and married another. One day I discovered Jane Jarville's treachery. I went in search of her. I found her in the garret. There we had a scene, and there I murdered her. I stabbed her to the heart. She lived only long enough to shriek: 'I will haunt the house until you are hung for this!'"

"She has done it. I have seen her. But I shall not be hung. The secret is all my own. I locked the garret, dismissed my servants in a body, and gathered new ones about me. I told people that Jane had been dismissed for dishonesty. I did not lie."

"My brother Rupert cross-questioned me and made great search for Jane Jarville; the others were never very good to me. Ours was an unkindly race; but Frank, though stern, was a just man. To his only son I have left all. Let him pity me."

"Driven by desperation to an awful crime, haunted by the ghost of my victim, never at rest, never at peace, pursued forever by dread of a horrible death on the gallows, and assured of future punishment, what has my life been? Again I say—pity me, and pray for me."

Military Men at Hotels.

We have a good many military men among our transient guests who register with military titles before their names, such as "Col. John Smith," and other guests frequently ridicule the practice when they see the names so signed. A general idea seems to prevail that any man who puts "Col." before his name is either vain or foolish, and most people at once conclude that one who writes his name that way is an "Arkansas colonel" who never saw a battle in his life, and never even belonged to a regiment. Officers frequently write "U. S. A." after their names, but nobody finds fault with that. It is a great convenience, for there are several army men who come regularly and look over the register for brother officers, and when they find them they at once take it upon themselves to show them all possible attention. But "U. S. A." might properly be written after the name of a private, and that seems to be insufficient also. The best sign would probably be the official style: "John Smith, Col. U. S. A."—*Hotel Clerk in Globe-Democrat.*

SPEAK little, speak truth; spend little, pay cash.

PITH AND POINT.

WATER meloncholia is a slow death, and a somewhat serious one; but all things considered, it is less objectionable than green appleplexy.

It is said that the green turtle can live for six weeks without food. This is nothing to talk about, however. The mock turtle never has to be fed.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Mrs. B.—Do you have any periodicals at your house, Mrs. C? Mrs. C.—Gracious, no! C. knows enough to go out of town when he wants his periodicals.—*Lowell Citizen.*

THE text in Scripture that says: "The poor ye have always with you," means that some people are not wealthy enough to go away for the summer.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

TIBBITS tells the story of a conductor on a slow railroad who told one passenger that he had been on the road nine years. "Then," said the passenger, "this must be your second trip."

"WHAT a bad complexion Miss Slooper has." "Well, she ought to have. She's all the time doctoring it. Actually, she puts sulphur on her face." "Sulphur! What's sulphur good for?" "Matches."—*Life.*

"WILL you please give me a dime?" said a tramp. "I'm blind." "You can see out of one eye as well as I can," replied the gentleman importuned. "You are only half blind." "Then give me half a dime," said the tramp.

CLARA (Bobby's big sister)—I heard father calling you a little while ago, Bobby. Bobby—Did he say Robert or Bobby? Clara—He said Robert. Bobby (with a serious look in his eye)—Then I guess I had better see what he wants.

A LITTLE girl, visiting a neighbor with her mother, was gazing curiously at the hostess's new bonnet, when the owner queried: "Do you like it, Laura?" The innocent replied: "Why, mother said it was a perfect fright; but it don't scare me!"—*Exchange.*

A CERTAIN wayfarer upon senatorial soil suddenly fell into a pit. The gentleman who owned the domain rushed to the rescue, when the following colloquy took place: Uncle Sam—Everts, are you dead? Everts—No, not dead, but speechless.—*Puck.*

"Ah! the degeneration of literature these days!" remarked a Boston girl. "Yup. Thasso. Folks nowadays write poetry the same way they manufacture schooners and vessels down in Maine." "What do you mean by that?" "They build them by the mile, cut 'em off in lengths to suit."—*Lynn Union.*

MISS PASSAY—Mr. Smythe, do try some of those peaches. With my own hand I planted the tree that bore them. Mr. Smythe (just from abroad)—Is it that large tree on the lawn? Ah, me! How many happy childhood hours I passed reclining in its shade. (Great uproar. Miss Passay faints.)—*Rambler.*

"WHAT are you reading, my dear?" asked a motherly old lady of her daughter, who was swinging in a hammock in the side yard one Sunday afternoon. "St. Elmo," mother. "That's right, my dear; read all you want to about the saints, but I never want you to open a novel on Sunday."—*New York Times.*

"I am saving up all my money to get married," observed Miss Cutacaper, vivaciously. "Are you really, though?" "Yes, and I have got enough to buy a ring and pay the minister already." "Perhaps you can get the minister to marry you for fifty cents," suggested one of the company. "O, I mean get married well, even if I have to pay sixty-two and a half cents!"—*Lynn Union.*

THE UMPIRE AHEAD.

There's a symmetry of motion
To my sympathetic notion
In the picker as he brushes the ball;
There's an idyl, great in diction,
Quite exciting as a fiction,
In the batter when he flies the ball.
And the pose of grace and beauty
Of the catcher doing duty,
Is an epic quite exceeding all.
But for poetry of motion,
To my unpretentious notion,
There's nothing like the umpire's gall.
—*Chicago Rambler.*

ORTHOGRAPHICAL AND ORTHOPEICAL.

There was a young man in Bordeaux
Proposed to a girl who said neaux,
Now all day she sighs,
With tears in her eyes,
Repentant for serving him seaux.
A girl in a moment of pique
Gave her love a slap on the chique;
Not a word did he say,
But he set her on her day,
And didn't go back for a wique.
A girl who had plenty of beaux,
A flirt, as we well may suppose,
Met a lover one night,
Who kissed her on sight,
And kissed her right square on the neaux.
—*Boston Courier.*

He Had an Eye to Business.

One more anecdote of a funeral character. "Can any of you tell me why Gottfried Muller is not at school?" said a teacher to her scholars a few weeks ago. Up went a little hand like a jumping jack. "Well?" was the interrogative response. "Please, ma'am," answered a little boy, with a rapidity that almost took away his breath, "his father's dead and Uncle Pete's got the job." It is not perhaps necessary to say that the relative referred to was a rising young undertaker. That boy ought to be successful as a man. He has any eye to business.—*Boston Budget.*

Consolation for the Careless.

It would somewhat surprise critical exponents of the beauties of "the well of English undefiled" to learn that Swift said "The sun has rose"; that Gay wrote "Sure some disaster has befell"; that Hermione, in the "Winter's Tale," asks "Shall us attend you?" and that Caliban, in "The Tempest," exclaims "The red plague rid you for learning me your language," while "took" for "taken" is in Milton's verses on the death of Shakespeare.—*Baltimore Herald.*

THE COCAINE HABIT.

The Worst Slavery Known—New Revelations of Power.

Cincinnati Times-Star.

When cocaine was discovered the medical world exclaimed, "I thank heaven!"

But useful as it is, it is also dangerous, especially when its use is perverted from the desensitizing of pain for surgical operations, to the stimulation and destruction of the human body. Its first effects are soothing and captivating, but the thrill of the most horrible slavery known to humanity.

J. L. Stephens, M. D., of Lebanon, Ohio, was interviewed by our reporter yesterday at the Grand Hotel, and during the conversation the doctor said: "The cocaine habit is a thousand times worse than the morphine and opium habits, and you would be astonished," he said, "if you knew how frightfully the habit is increasing."

"What are its effects?"

"It is the worst constitution wrecker ever known. It ruins the liver and kidneys in half a year, and when this work is done, the strongest constitution soon succumbs."

"Do you know of Dr. Underhill's case here in Cincinnati?"

"That leading physician who became a victim of the cocaine habit? Yes. His case was a very sad one, but the habit can be cured. I have rescued many a man from a worse condition."

"What, worse than Dr. Underhill's?"

"Indeed, sir, far so. Justin M. Hall, A. M., M. D., President of the State Board of Health of Iowa, and a famed practitioner, and Alexander Neil, M. D., Professor of Surgery in the Columbus Medical College, and President of the Academy of Medicine, a man widely known, Rev. W. P. Clancy, of Indianapolis, Ind., from personal experience in opium eating, etc., can tell you of the kind of success our form of treatment wins, and so can H. C. Wilson, formerly of Cincinnati, who is now associated with me."

"Would you mind letting our readers into the secret of your methods?"

"Well, young man, you surely have a good bit of assurance to ask a man to give his business away to the public; but I won't wholly disappoint you. I have treated over 20,000 patients. In common with many eminent physicians, I, for years, made a close study of the effects of the habit on the system and the organs which they most severely attack. Dr. Hall, Dr. Neil, and Mr. Wilson, whom I have mentioned, and hundreds of others equally as expert, made many similar experiments on their own behalf. We each found that these drugs worked most destructively in the kidneys and liver; in fact, finally destroyed them. It was then apparent that no cure could be effected until these organs could be restored to health. We recently exhausted the entire range of known science, experimenting with all known remedies for these organs, and as the result of these investigations we all substantially agreed, though following different lines of inquiry, that the most reliable, scientific preparation was Warner's safe cure. This was the second point in the discovery. The third was our own private form of treatment, which, of course, we do not divulge to the public. Every case that we have treated first with Warner's safe cure, then with our own private treatment, and followed up again with Warner's safe cure for a few weeks, has been successful. These habits can't be cured without using it, because the habit is nourished and sustained in the liver and kidneys. The habit can be kept up in moderation, however, if free use be also made, at the same time, of that great remedy."

"Yes, it is a world famous and justly celebrated specific. Like many other physicians, I used to deride the claims made for it, but I know now for a fact that it is the world's greatest blessing, having sovereign power over hitherto incurable diseases of the kidneys and liver, and when I have said this young man, I have said nearly everything, for most diseases originate in, or are aggravated by, a depraved condition of the kidneys."

"People do not realize this, because, singular as it may seem, the kidneys may be in a very advanced stage of decomposition, and yet owing to the fact that there are few nerves of sensation in them, the subject will not experience much pain therein. On an account thousands of people die every year! Kidney disease unknown to them. They have a-called disorders of the head, of the heart and lungs and stomach, and treat them in vain, or the real cause of their misery is deranged kidneys, and if they were restored to health the other disorders would soon disappear."

Dr. Stephens' experience, that can be confirmed by many thousands whom he has treated, adds only one emphasis to the experience of many hundreds of thousands all over the world, that the remedy he refers to is without any doubt the most beneficent discovery ever given to humanity.

It was an Accommodation Train.

It was on a Chicago, Burlington & Quincy accommodation train that a passenger got mad at the conductor for compelling him to pay his fare. The passenger was trying to ride on the strength of his having held an annual pass the year before but the conductor scouted the idea, and said something about last year's bill's nests. As the official was about to leave the car the passenger, in the style of cowardly men when the objects of their wrath are out of hearing, uttered:

"If this wasn't on a train I'd lick that thieving rascal out of his boots."

It happened in his case that the conductor was no quite out of hearing. His quick ear overheard the remark, and he turned with a savage:

"What's that?"

"I say if we weren't on board a train I'd make it hot for you. I'd ask you outside and do you."

"You would?"

"Yes, I would?"

"How long would it take you to get ready to do a job like that?"

"About a minu."

"Well, then," plied the conductor, pulling off his cap and giving a vicious yank at the becape, "peel off your duds; there's a re bit of prairie along the track, here, and I'll give you all the satisfaction you want. This is an accommodation tri, put on by the company on purpose to suit the convenience of passengers, and orders on the C., B. & Q. are to treat all travelers with respect and pay attention to all of their wants. Are yready?"

But the passenger concluded he'd rather have the train hurry on. He was afraid he'd mis his connection.—Chicago Herald.

The Japan have not only nearly three hundred miles of railroad in operation, but they make their own cars at Shinbaski, the building of the line from Tauga to Ogaki was conducted by yag Japanese engineers, whose task included two large bridges and a tunnel mile long.

A HUMAN skeleton weighs from ten to sixteen pds, and the blood of the body about twenty-eight pounds, but cremation leaves only eighteen ounces.

—Dr. Foot Health Monthly.

To Err Is Human.

But it is positively inexcusable to administer or take narcotics or potent sedatives to relieve intransigence of the nerves, the easily discoverable cause of which is simply indigestion. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the remedy indicated when the nervous system is weak, and consequently super-sensitive and untroubled. Braced and quieted by this superlative tonic, the system obtains needful repose at night, dyspeptic qualms cease to disturb the stomach, and mental inquietude disappears. The habit of body becomes regular, the liver and kidneys are healthfully stimulated, and bodily or mental exertion ceases to be a wearisome and difficult task. Neuralgia, rheumatism, and malarial disorders and kidney troubles are entirely eradicated by this matchless invigorant and regulator.

Bathing.

Bathing is good for robust people; but thin, lean, cold people should be cautious and chary in the use of the cold bath. It is weakening, as every one knows, from the sensations experienced. Boys often injure themselves by frequenting bathing. It is only good when felt to be bracing and strengthening. It sometimes occasions a deafness, when the water gets into the ear, and cannot easily be expelled. Physicians are very indiscriminate in their bath prescriptions and very unwise. We have known many cases in which their advice has proven most injurious. The Chinese never bathe. We know a wealthy old man, who died of an accident at 84, who strongly protested against bathing; he had learned in early life its weakening effects, and early discontinued it. Still there are exceptional cases. Let every man use his own judgment, and not blindly follow a rule. Remember that this is the era of private judgment, and every man is called upon to exercise it. Some are strengthened by bathing; and washing or rubbing with a wet towel is sometimes conducive to health, when bathing is not.

*** Delicate diseases of either sex, however induced, speedily and permanently cured. Book of particulars 10 cents in stamps. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 665 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

The bootblack and the college professor work for the same object—that of polishing the understanding.

Are You Going to California This Winter?

On the 4th of December the Chicago and Northwestern Railway starts a first-class excursion train from Chicago to the Pacific Coast. Tickets for the round trip cost only \$30, and will permit the purchaser to remain in California for six months and then return home by any route he may desire. These excursion trains touch Los Angeles and San Francisco, and are gotten up with a view to making the trip interesting and comfortable to the traveling public. For full particulars write to E. P. Wilson, General Passenger Agent, Chicago and Northwestern Railway, Chicago, Ill.

400,000 Subscribers.

If we gave a column to the Youth's Companion announcement, we could scarcely overstate the attractions it promises for its sixty-first volume. We are not surprised that the Companion has nearly 400,000 subscribers when we see how it provides something of interest for every member of the family. The Companion is published weekly, and fully illustrated. Its subscription price is \$1.75 a year, which, if sent now, will pay for the paper to January, 1888.

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If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it 25c.

The best cough medicine is Pils' Cure for Consumption. Sold everywhere. 25c.

"Isn't that Mrs. Holme? I thought the doctors gave her up. She looks well now." "She is well. After the doctors gave up her case she tried Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and began to get better right away. I heard her say, not long ago, that she hadn't felt so well in twenty years. She does her own work and says that life seems worth living, at last." "Why," said she, "I feel as if I had been raised from the dead, almost." Thus do thousands attest the marvelous efficacy of this God-giving remedy for female weakness, prostration, ulceration, morning sickness, weakness of stomach, tendency to cancerous disease, nervous prostration, general debility and kindred affections.

YOUNG Mother—"Now just look at the darling! Isn't he a little angel?" Crusty Bachelor Brother—"No, but I wish he was. The confounded brat kept me awake all night."—Somerville Journal.

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Dr. M. H. Hinsdale, Kewanee, Ill., advises us of a remarkable cure of Consumption. He says: "A neighbor's wife was attacked with violent lung disease, and pronounced beyond help from Quick Consumption. As a last resort the family was persuaded to try Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs. To the astonishment of all, by the time she had used one-half dozen bottles she was about the house doing her own work. I saw her at her worst, and had no idea she could recover."

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\$1,500 First Prize Story "Blind Brother" will begin Jan. 1st.

DEAD MEN FOR TRIBUTE

TO THE POWER OF THE KING WHO RIDES THE TEMPEST.

Forty More Lives Quenched in the Waters of the Great Lakes.

And Several Vessels Ominously Missing—Wreck of Two Barges, a Steamer and a Schooner—Chicago City Not Heard from—Seven Score People Engulfed by the Pacific Ocean—A Sailor Girl's Heroism.

DETROIT, Nov. 20.—The tow barge Menekauke and Marinette, in tow of the steam-barge Manistique, laden with lumber at Oscoda for Chicago, broke loose during the gale Thursday twenty miles off Manitou Island, became waterlogged and went ashore near Herring lake. Both are a total loss and the two crews of fifteen men in all were lost with the exception of one man, C. W. Annis. One body has washed ashore at the mouth of Herring creek. Papers on his body show his name to be William Lowry. The Marinette was so old that the inland Lloyds would not classify her. The Menekauke was but three years old and was rated A and valued at \$20,000. They were both owned by the M. B. line, of Racine, but were in the employ of Alger, Smith & Co., of this city, owners of the Manistique, to whom the lumber belonged.

The Menekauke's crew consisted of Capt. James Cox, of Port Huron; Mate John Bunting, of Detroit; Cook William Lowry, of Buffalo; William Arbley, of Port Huron, and three other foremast sailors whose names are not known. The Marinette's crew were: William Mitchell, Chicago, captain, and seven others, including Annis and a woman cook and her daughter. They all hailed from Chicago.

CHICAGO, Nov. 20.—It is reported here by private telegraph from Frankfort, Mich., that probably the Manistique has gone down with all hands.

After losing sight of her consorts the steamer was put about for the west shore, but it was too late then, for the gale had reached its height, and she was incapable, with all her power, to withstand it. Just what accident befel her to send her to the bottom will perhaps never be known, as not a single member of her crew is left to tell the tale. The Manistique was well provided with lifeboats and rafts, but nothing short of a liner could have survived the wind and sea on that shore Thursday night. Part of her wreckage has washed ashore, but no trace of bodies of her crew has been found as yet.

The crew of the Manistique consisted of sixteen persons, of whom only the following are known: Walter Ashley, Port Huron, captain; William Barr, Detroit, engineer. There were besides two mates, a cook, a second engineer, two firemen, two wheelmen, four deckhands and two watchmen. Another disaster, which probably resulted in the loss of a vessel and her entire crew, was the loss of the scow Helen, of this port. She left here Monday night for Muskegon, Mich., and is supposed to have reached that port about the time the westerly gale began blowing. All that has been found of her is a quarter-board bearing her name. She was owned and commanded by Capt. John Van Thad-dan, of this port, and carried a crew of four men. His wife was aboard as cook. Just before the vessel left Port Huron, Van Thad-dan sent her two young children ashore, they having been aboard all season, but she refused to accompany them herself, although earnestly solicited to do so by her friends.

A telegram from Muskegon, Mich., says: Wreckage continues to come ashore, and it undoubtedly is that of the schooner Helen, of Chicago. Her supposed hull is floating about half a mile out in Lake Michigan. The spars and upper works were plainly visible Friday afternoon. If it proves to be the Helen, her crew is lost. The sea is blowing down.

A telegram from Ashland, Wis., says: News has been received here that the schooner Lucerne, from Ashland for Cleveland, ore-laden, has sunk in Lake Superior with all on board. A search has disclosed the tops of the masts of a vessel projecting above the water about ten miles from Ashland. Three dead bodies were washed to the spars and were taken to Ashland. One has been recognized as the second mate of the Lucerne. There were nine souls on board.

The whereabouts of the old schooner William Jones was the subject of much anxious inquiry Friday, and although telegrams were sent everywhere, no trace of the vessel could be found. She left here Wednesday night in light trim for Grand Haven, a few hours before the northwest hurricane swept over the lake, and nothing has been heard from her since. Interest in her whereabouts is intensified by the fact that her owner, Capt. David Dall, one of the most famous old sailormen and vessel owners on the lake, is aboard as a passenger. It is not thought that the Jones could have survived the gale, though she was in fair trim and well provided with sails and gear.

It was rumored Friday night that another serious disaster had occurred off Waukegan, but it was impossible to learn more about it than was conveyed in a telegram to W. E. Holmes. The telegram said: "Warn vessel-men to look out for spars of a large vessel which are projecting from the water near the south end of the old bar." Vesselmen who saw this telegram thought another serious disaster must have occurred there. Their theory seemed probable enough when it was learned that a considerable fleet of vessels had left Muskegon for Chicago a few hours before the gale.

FOUNDERED IN THE PACIFIC.

One Hundred and Forty Persons Lose Their Lives.

LONDON, Nov. 20.—Information has been received that a ship whose decks were crowded with native laborers returning from plantations in Queensland recently foundered in the Pacific ocean and 140 persons were drowned.

Heroism of a Young Girl.

DETROIT, Nov. 20.—During the recent storm on Lake Erie the steambarge C. N. Pratt, went about fifteen miles out, abreast of Fairport, disabled her wheel, and was

obliged to cut loose from her consort, the schooner Victor, of Windsor. Left to herself in a raging sea, which frequently swept over the deck, the condition of the Victor and her little crew of less than half a dozen was desperate. Capt. Lennox's daughter Minnie, 18 years of age, was the only woman aboard. Realizing the imminent danger of the vessel she donned a tarpaulin suit against her father's commands, and for thirty-six hours, until the storm subsided, worked with the crew. She helped to haul in the tow line, took her turn at the wheel, and did the work of the hardest sailor without flinching. The schooner finally reached port safely and the heroic young girl, although exhausted from exposure, was no more so than the men.

RASCALITY WEEPS COPIOUSLY.

Scenes in Court Where the Gotham Boodlers Are on Trial.

NEW YORK, Nov. 20.—Ex-Alderman R. L. Fullgraff was the first witness before Recorder Smyth Friday in the case against ex-Alderman McQuade for accepting a bribe in the Broadway surface railway franchise matter. On direct examination Fullgraff confessed taking a bribe and that the other indicted aldermen had taken bribes for voting for the Broadway railroad franchise. He was then subjected to a severe cross-examination by Mr. Newcomb. He said he was sworn when he testified before the senate committee, but did not know why he chose only to affirm at this trial, and upon being pressed bowed his head on his hands and wept bitterly, finally exclaiming: "I did it from remorse. As an honest man filled with remorse after a false step." He said in answer to questions that he would not deliberately perjure himself for any purpose, and was then questioned as to his answers to the senate committee. During this part of the examination the witness was closely pressed, and it was shown that his testimony before the committee was deliberate perjury. The witness seemed to want the house to fall on him; he looked this way and that, appealed with brimming eyes but speechless to the prosecution to spare him, but obtained no sympathy, and as question after question was asked and answers forced from him all showing that his whole testimony before the senate committee was a tissue of lies told under oath, he looked like a hunted animal.

Sometimes he would answer to questions regarding the truth of his testimony before the committee that he didn't recollect, then the attorney would ask:

"Is it true or false?" "False."

"And you knew it to be false when you gave it?" "Yes."

He admitted that he had voted for the franchise because he was paid for his vote. When the counsel read from his previous testimony his assertion that he did not know of any "boodle," the counsel asked:

"You recollect that when you made that answer you rose from your chair and called upon almighty God to witness that what you said was true?"

"I do not recollect any such scene."

Witness said he was a pure man before he went on the board of aldermen, and said he was sorry he was ever on the board. After his examination was concluded he said to a reporter:

"This is awful. In fact, it's hell. I am a man with a family who has spent years in securing a business reputation, and now it is blasted in an hour. I wish to God I had never seen a board of aldermen." As he spoke he wept.

A few minutes before 11 o'clock a very affecting incident occurred. Mrs. McQuade, her sister and McQuade's five children came into court by the side door, passed through the room and went out by the main door. Mrs. McQuade was richly dressed, and in her arms she bore a very pretty baby. The four other children, the oldest a girl not more than 8 years of age, kissed their father in turn, watching the persons present all the while with expressions of terror in their faces. When his wife had passed out of the room McQuade sat down in his chair and cried like a child.

Ex-Alderman Duffy was the next witness and corroborated all that Fullgraff had told, adding, if anything, more explicit as to details. All the suspected boodlers are under close police surveillance, to prevent departure for the more healthy climate of Montreal, and the prosecuting officials are jubilant at the prospect of sending the whole gang to keep company with Jaehne and other local scoundrels at Sing-Sing.

A Confederate Monument at Gettysburg.
GETTYSBURG, Pa., Nov. 20.—The first Confederate monument erected upon the field of Gettysburg was dedicated Friday in the presence of a large number of veterans of both armies. Gen. George H. Stewart presided, and Capt. George Thomas delivered the oration. The Battlefield Memorial association then took charge of the monument, which is a shaft of Richmond granite ten feet high, bearing historical inscriptions. The monument was erected under the auspices of the Second Maryland Confederate infantry. Col. Douglas, Col. Brown, Maj. Goldsborough and other officers of Stewart's brigade and of the Fifth Maryland regiment were present.

Got Ahead of "Steeple Jack."
VIENNA, Nov. 20.—The "Steeple Jack," who climbed the steeple of the Cathedral on the emperor's birthday, Aug. 18, and fixed a flag to its peak, recently ordered another flag at a decorator's, intending to repeat his performance on the occasion of the empress' birthday, Dec. 24. He incautiously disclosed his intention to one of the decorator's apprentices, a slender, delicate looking boy, and the lad forestalled the adventurous Steeple Jack by climbing the steeple himself Friday and fastening the flag to the top, ascending by the lightning conductor and descending in safety, amid the shouts and cheers of an admiring crowd.

Convict Labor Systems Compared.
COLUMBUS, Ohio, Nov. 20.—The annual report of the Ohio penitentiary was filed with the governor Friday. Reference is made to the piece-price plan, as compared with the contract system. While the former has some good points, the latter has proved more advantageous to the prisoners. The average number working on the piece-price plan during the year was 347 men, working 103,234 days and earning \$67,040.38, or 66.89c per day. During the same period the aggregate contract labor averaged 352 men, working 103,347 days and earning \$77,911.60, which was 71.91c per day, showing an advantage of 5.02c per day in favor of the contract system.

DAYLIGHT A DEAD LOSS.

AN OHIO MAN PUTS THE SUN IN THE BACKGROUND.

For He Makes Light and Heat Out of Wind and "Fire," and the Residue Is Worth as Much as the Original Package—A Remarkable Discovery, It Reliably.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Nov. 20.—Mr. J. J. Johnson, of Columbiana, this state, claims to have invented a gas making process that promises to outdo natural gas. Mr. W. B. Suter, a prominent manufacturer of that place, gives the following particulars regarding this "greatest invention of the age."

"Johnson has been working on the invention for some time and has succeeded in perfecting his process to such an extent that wonderful results were accomplished. The principle of the machine is a system of siphons, and air is forced alternately through water and through oil, resulting in gas. The tests made by Mr. Johnson on the machine first finished by him resulted in getting 450,000 cubic feet of gas from a barrel of oil. After this immense quantity of gas had been made the residue of oil as a lubricator is said to be worth as much as the barrel of oil originally. It is cheaper than daylight, for after getting the light and fuel you have the original value of the material you get it from. Mr. Johnson made a trip to Boston and had a conference with capitalists regarding the sale of the right of the invention. After his representations, chemists from Harvard college were sent to Columbiana to investigate. They reported favorably upon it, and Johnson was given \$1,000,000 for the right in the United States, with the exception of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. Later he sold the right for these four states, with the exception of Columbiana county, Ohio, to a Pittsburgh syndicate for \$500,000. The men from Boston who examined the machine said that when perfected no doubt 1,000,000 feet of gas could be produced from a barrel of oil. As an illuminator it is said to be far superior to the gas manufactured under the ordinary process, and as a fuel is vastly better than natural gas. Its heat is intense. A bar of lead was thrust into the blaze and immediately fell apart. From a pipe which issues from Johnson's laboratory issues a blaze eight feet long that makes an intensely brilliant light. When knowledge of the invention gets abroad, it is expected to create a wonderful sensation, as it is expected to completely revolutionize the matter of fuel and lighting. The parties who have gained control of the invention have been endeavoring to keep it quiet until they were ready to begin operations."

JUST SO, MR. KAULBARS.

He Shakes Bulgarian Dust Off His Feet and Makes Another Demand.

SOFIA, Nov. 20.—Gen. Kaulbars, in his note to the Bulgarian government announcing his departure from Bulgaria, says: "The Bulgarian government has rejected Russia's counsels, which were intended to extricate the country from its difficulties. My further presence is therefore useless, Bulgaria having completely lost confidence in Russia."

Capt. Nabokoff and three sergeants, who were associated with him in the revolt at Bourgas, have been condemned to death. Several other prisoners, some of whom formerly held official positions in Roumelia, have been sentenced to imprisonment for life.

Gen. Kaulbars has demanded the release of Capt. Nabokoff and the alleged Montenegrins who participated in the revolt at Bourgas, threatening to resort to extreme measures unless his demand is complied with and the prisoners liberated at once. Owing to the strict press censorship now in force here, a newspaper conducted in the interest of M. Karaveloff resorted Friday to the publication of quotations from Isaiah, limiting the excerpts to those in which the prophet upbraids the Israelites and foretells their doom.

A Young Reporter Crushed.

NEW YORK, Nov. 20.—J. L. Ryland, editor of The Herald-Democrat at Leadville, Colo., telegraphs as follows in reply to an inquiry concerning the story that a stage had gone over a 200-foot precipice, causing loss of life: "Stage did not go over precipice; no one killed. It was a plain upset. The only lady passenger fainting. A man named Dwyer had his leg injured. All the passengers are at Aspen and are well. There is no 200-foot precipice between Leadville and Aspen and we do not hold 200 feet of snow over from one season to another here; hence there was no avalanche to cover up the dead and dying. The story is the work of a young reporter."

Going to Get Red Hats.

MONTREAL, Nov. 20.—It is announced that Cardinal Tschernan will leave early in December with Cardinal Gibbons to receive the red hat at the hands of the pontiff himself, in the consistory to be held next month. When in Rome the question of the church and the Knights of Labor will be definitely arranged. At present a difference of opinion exists among the bishops on the subject, Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, and Fabre, of Montreal, being disposed not to interfere with the order, while the cardinal and the other bishops are strongly opposed to it.

Pinkerton Men Set at Liberty.

CHICAGO, Nov. 20.—The grand jury ignored the bill against the Pinkerton men charged by the coroner's jury with complicity in the death of Terrence Begley. A very determined effort was made by some members of the jury to have an indictment found so that a petit jury might pass upon the evidence, but the animus apparent in the witnesses examined, or a few of them, caused their testimony to lose much of the weight it might otherwise have carried. Later in the day the men were discharged by Justice Barker.

Phocion Howard's Injunction.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Nov. 20.—The arguments on Phocion Howard's bill to enjoin the state board of canvassers from canvassing the vote on the constitutional amendment were begun before Judge Creighton here Friday. Judge W. L. Gross spoke in favor of the bill, and was followed by W. E. Mason, of Chicago. Mr. Mason denied the jurisdiction of the court. Argument was not concluded.

A Woman Acquitted of Murder.

LITCHFIELD, Ill., Nov. 20.—Mrs. Sarah J. Stephenson, of this city, who has been on trial at Hillsboro for the killing of Archibald Strohl here on the 4th of last June, is at liberty, the jury returning a verdict of not guilty Thursday night after remaining out but a short time. The result of the trial occasions some surprise here, it having been predicted that she would be sentenced to a term in the penitentiary.

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For Headache, Bilelessness, Liver Complaints, Indigestion. Mild but effective. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

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I suffered intensely with Full Stomach, Headache, etc. A neighbor, who had taken Simmons Liver Regulator, told me it was a sure cure for my trouble. The first dose I took relieved me very much, and in one week's time I was as strong and hearty as ever I was. It is the best medicine I ever took for Dyspepsia.

RICHMOND, Va. H. G. CRENSHAW.

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Testimony of HIRAM WARNER, Chief Justice of Ga.: "I have used Simmons Liver Regulator for Constipation of my Bowels, caused by a temporary Derangement of the Liver, for the last three or four years, and always with decided benefit."

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Should be kept constantly at hand, for use in emergencies of the household. Many a mother, startled in the night by the ominous sounds of Croup, finds the little sufferer, with red and swollen face, gasping for air. In such cases Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is invaluable. Mrs. Emma Gedney, 159 West 123 st., New York, writes: "While in the country last winter, my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with Croup; it seemed as if he would die from strangulation. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral was tried in small and frequent doses, and, in less than half an hour, the little patient was breathing easily. The doctor said that the Pectoral saved my darling's life." Mrs. Chas. L. Landon, Guilford, Conn., writes: "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Saved My Life,

and also the life of my little son. As he is troubled with Croup, I dare not be without this remedy in the house." Mrs. J. Gregg, Lowell, Mass., writes: "My children have repeatedly taken Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for Coughs and Croup. It gives immediate relief, followed by cure." Mrs. Mary E. Evans, Scranton, Pa., writes: "I have two little boys, both of whom have been, from infancy, subject to violent attacks of Croup. About six months ago we began using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and it acts like a charm. In a few minutes after the child takes it, he breathes easily and rests well. Every mother ought to know what a blessing I have found in Ayer's Cherry Pectoral." Mrs. Wm. C. Reid, Freehold, N. J., writes: "In our family, Ayer's medicines have been blessings for many years. In cases of Colds and Coughs, we take

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

and the inconvenience is soon forgotten."

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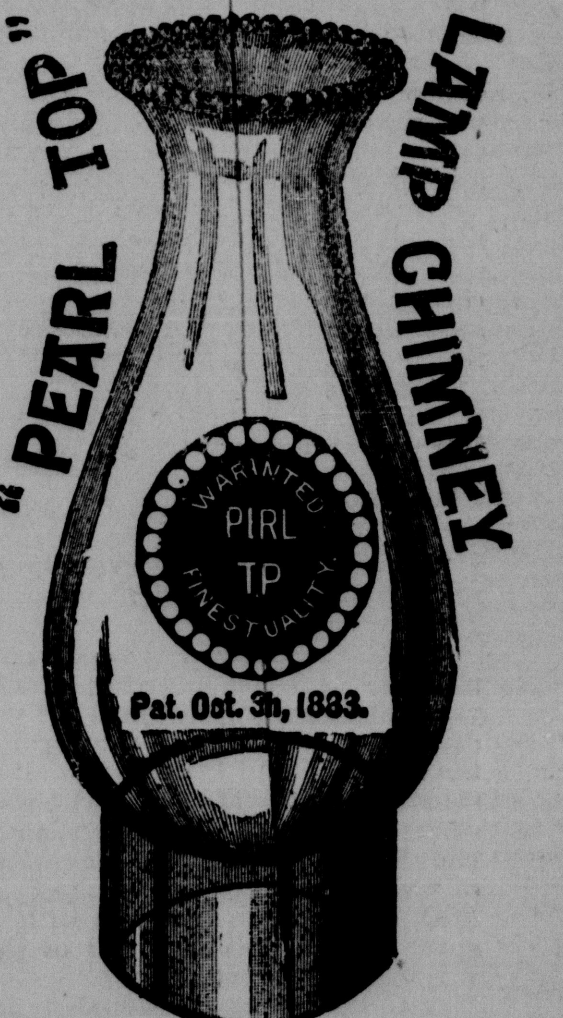
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Manufactured G. Y. by REC. A. MACBETH & CO. Pittsburgh Lead Gl Works.

FOR SALE BY DEALERS

THE NEW NAVAL VESSELS.

Making Contracts So as to Avoid Another John Roach Affair.

WASHINGTON CITY, Nov. 20.—The secretary of the navy has determined that all bidders for the construction of the new ships shall be entitled to see before bidding the form of contract which they are expected to enter into, so that there shall be no question as to the obligations which the contractors are expected to assume, and in accordance with this determination on Friday he published the forms of contract. The two most important features are as follows:

First, The contractors shall guarantee for the three large cruisers of 3,700 tons, 4,000 tons, and 4,300 tons, 7,000, 8,000 and 9,000 indicated horse power respectively, and that for every unit of horse power attained above these guaranteed amounts the contractor shall be paid a premium of \$100, and for every unit of horse power less than the guaranteed amount a penalty of \$100 shall be imposed; and if the indicated horse power falls, in any case, 1,000 below the guaranteed amount the ship shall not be accepted.

Second, That the contractor shall inform the secretary at the start—while the work is in progress—of anything in the plans that in his (the contractor's) judgment will fail of the object sought, and suggest such modifications as will correct the error and make the plans such as he is willing to become responsible for. This will settle at once whether the bureau officers or the contractor shall be responsible for the success of the design.

FROM THE TRADE CENTERS.

Moderate Gains in Volume of Business—A Boom in Stock Possible.

NEW YORK, Nov. 20.—Special telegrams to Bradstreet's from leading trade centers throughout the country show a moderate gain in the volume of distribution in a few lines of staple articles, noticeably in dry goods. This is reported at Chicago, St. Louis, Peoria, Omaha and Davenport. The primary cause is the arrival of cold weather and seasonal goods are in more active demand. There has been no special change in the condition of general trade at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Evansville, Nashville, Milwaukee, Kansas City, Galveston and Dallas. At Cincinnati, New Orleans and St. Joseph, important distributing centers, there have been declines in the movement of goods in several lines, although at New Orleans prices generally, except of rice and flour, have advanced. Mercantile collections have been fairly satisfactory at Philadelphia, Cleveland, St. Louis and Kansas City, but at Peoria, Omaha, Davenport and Dallas they have been more difficult to make. At Dallas mainly owing to the low price of cotton. The settlement of Chicago labor troubles and prospect of the Baltimore & Ohio and Pennsylvania roads adjusting differences led to confidence and strength in the New York stock market and the improvement in the coal and iron trade tends to a belief that a boom in stock is not impossible.

Shouldn't "Want To Be an Angel."

CHICAGO, Nov. 20.—At the conference of clergymen who are discussing the prophecies of the Scriptures relating to the millennium, Rev. William Dinwiddie, of Alexandria, Va., said Friday that the habit of teaching children to sing "I Want to be an Angel" was monstrous, as the sentiment of the song was dreadful heresy. Rev. J. F. Kendall, of La Porte, Ind., said he believed the conference was opposed to the idea of a general judgment, and that in the book of Matthew there was not a word indicating a resurrection, although the Scriptures teach of four judgments, the last of which was the judgment of the great white throne, at which only great saints and no culprits will be present. This, he said, will be the day of judgment. A large number of prominent divines are taking an active part in this conference, among whom are Revs. P. S. Henson, Rev. E. P. Goodwin, and E. P. Goodwin. Friday was the fourth day of the meeting, and the discussions, owing to their speculative nature, and the reputations of the clergymen who are present and interested, are attracting great attention.

REV. P. S. HENSON. REV. E. P. GOODWIN.

The Miners and Coke Operators.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Nov. 20.—A conference between the coke operators and the Miner's association committee began at 2 o'clock Friday afternoon by the statement of Secretary Muller, of the Miner's association, of the demands of his committee. The operators declared that enough concessions had already been made, and that the demands were unreasonable, and the market would not justify an advance in wages. The meeting broke up without result. The miners' committee offered to submit the question to open arbitration, but the operators refused. The operators are understood to be determined not to make any concessions, and will under no circumstances accept arbitration.

A Joyless Prospect for Lovejoy.

CHICAGO, Nov. 20.—Charles J. Lovejoy, of New Kiowa, Kan., is locked up at the county jail on the charge of obtaining money and goods under false pretenses. He was brought to this city Friday morning from Kansas City by Joseph Dixon, who was specially appointed to make the arrest by the state's attorney. The charge against him is misrepresenting the condition of his firm and by that means getting \$15,000 from the National bank of Illinois and bills of goods from several firms here.

How the Capital is Growing.

WASHINGTON CITY, Nov. 20.—The growth of Washington during the last fifteen years in population and real estate is probably not exceeded by any other large city in the country. Fifteen years ago the assessed value of real estate in Washington amounted to—in round numbers—\$63,000,000. This year taxable real estate is valued at \$96,000,000. The population of the District has increased during the last fifteen years from 141,000 to 205,000.

An International Fight Arranged.

BOSTON, Nov. 20.—An international light-

weight championship fight has been arranged between Harry Gilmore, the Canadian champion and Jack McAuliffe, the American champion, to take place between Jan. 7 and 14 next, within 300 miles of Providence, for the belt valued at \$1,000 and a purse of \$500.

AWAITING THE TOMB.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE FUNERAL OF EX-PRESIDENT ARTHUR.

His Own Wishes in Regard Thereof To Be Carried Out—Mr. Blaine Sends a Message of Condolence—The Dead Man's Estate—Official Sympathy—The Congressional Delegation.

NEW YORK, Nov. 20.—Col. Clayton McMichael, who has charge of the Arthur funeral arrangements, together with Assistant Corporation Counsel Manestian and Col. McElroy, were busy Friday arranging for the funeral. During the last months of his life, when Mr. Arthur knew that death might come almost at any time, he confided to the loved ones who were about him his wishes regarding the funeral rites and sepulture. His request is to be carried out to the letter. The body, during its last journey, will repose in a heavy oaken coffin, with silver trappings. The coffin will be completely covered with plain black cloth. A simple silver name-plate, bereft of scroll work or molding, will be affixed to the lid, and on it will be the following inscription:

"CHESTER A. ARTHUR,
Born Oct. 5, 1830; died Nov. 18, 1886."

It was arranged that the body be placed in the coffin on Sunday and remain during the day and night in the front parlor of the late president's home, for his friends to take a last look at the face which they knew so well. On Monday morning the coffin will be enclosed in an outer shell, also of oak, and removed to the church.

Among the numerous messages of condolence received was one from James G. Blaine, announcing his intention to be present. Miss Arthur, sister of the dead president, reached here from Schenectady. An incessant procession of callers and telegraph messengers came and went during Friday and nearly every man of distinction has called to leave his card and a message of sympathy and sorrow. Telegrams are coming almost every moment, and the messages lie in a great pile upon the hall table.

Among the pall-bearers will be President Cleveland, ex-President Hayes, ex-Secretaries Gresham, Lincoln, Teller, Chandler and Brewster, and John Jacob Astor.

Gen. Arthur's estate, including personal, is thought to be nearly \$400,000. Allan and Nellie Arthur inherited from their mother property valued at about \$100,000, consisting principally of real estate and stocks. Gen. Arthur owned real estate also at Long Branch. He made a will several years ago. Mr. Knevals said that he believed the will contained only private bequests. The natural heirs to his property are a son, Chester Allan Arthur, who is 22 years old, a graduate of Princeton college, and now a student in Columbia college law school, and a daughter, Nellie, aged 14. It is understood that provision is made for the appointment of a well-known personal friend of Gen. Arthur as guardian for his daughter.

Gov. Larrabee's Proclamation.
DES MOINES, Iowa, Nov. 20.—Governor Larrabee has issued the following proclamation:

It becomes my sad duty to announce to the people of the state of Iowa the death of Chester A. Arthur, late president of the United States, inaugurated as the chief magistrate of the union under trying circumstances, he soon won, through his commendable administration of the government, the admiration of his friends and the confidence of the people. Steadfast in the discharge of duty, generous in victory, brave in defeat, and patient in suffering, the distinguished statesman whose death we now mourn is eminently worthy of such a last tribute as just and grateful nations have ever paid to the memory of their noblest sons. Now, therefore, I, William Larrabee, governor of the state of Iowa, do hereby request that the public buildings of the state be draped in mourning, and the flags thereon be displayed at half-mast until after the day of burial, and that on that day all state departments be closed.

WILLIAM LARRABEE, Governor.

Action of the Vermont Legislature.

MONTPELIER, Vt., Nov. 20.—The death of ex-President Arthur was made the subject of legislative action Friday morning in a joint resolution presented in the house by Judge Poland. Judge Poland said it was perhaps appropriate for him to offer the resolution inasmuch as his father was a near neighbor of the father of Mr. Arthur in Waterville, and then, referring to Mr. Arthur's elevation to the presidency, said that before the close of his administration President Arthur was regarded not only by the Republican party, but by all the people as an upright, wise and judicious man. He left the presidential office with the highest respect and esteem of the entire country. Speaker Grout, in putting the question to the house of the adoption of the resolutions, made a few appropriate remarks. The senate by a unanimous vote adopted the joint resolution.

Senators Who Will Attend.

WASHINGTON CITY, Nov. 20.—Senator Sherman will attend the funeral of ex-President Arthur, and has designated Senators Edmunds, Logan, Allison, Butler, Cameron, Voorhees, Miller, Vest, Gorman, Hawley and Jones of Arkansas, as a committee to represent the senate. No committee has yet been appointed to represent the house at the funeral. Speaker Carlisle will designate a number of representatives to act as such committee.

The Supreme Court Adjourns.

WASHINGTON CITY, Nov. 20.—Attorney General Garland formally announced the death of ex-President Arthur in the supreme court of the United States Friday and suggested the propriety of adjourning the court until the day after the funeral. To this Chief Justice Waite responded by saying: "The court receives with sorrow the sad intelligence, and in compliance with your suggestion will now adjourn until Tuesday next."

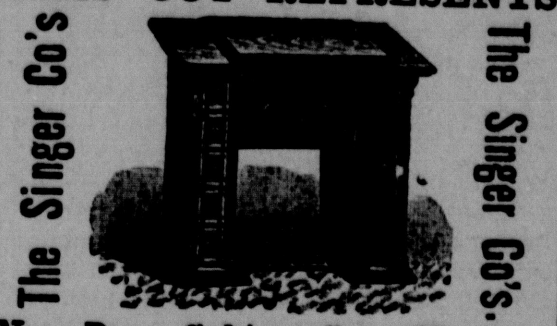
Embroidery Factory Burned.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Nov. 20.—Freitag's embroidery factory in this city was destroyed by fire Friday morning. Loss, \$150,000.

F. F. DIXON, Knight of the Shears.

And the finest artist that the world ever knew. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Garments a Specialty.
First St., Opposite City National Bank.

THIS CUT REPRESENTS



The Singer Co's
The Singer Co's
New Drop Cabinet Case Machine
The handsomest and most convenient cabinet case ever invented. Call and see it at J. H. HALSTEAD'S.

J. H. HALSTEAD, PHOTOGRAPHER.

All kinds of work in his line will receive prompt attention and be neatly done.
Galena Street, Near the Bridge.

VAL W. HEFT, CUSTOM

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

REPAIRING
Neatly and Promptly Executed.

If you are troubled with getting a neat job of repairing, call on me, and I will assure you that your troubles will end in that direction.
One Door East of C. C. Godfrey's.

J. A. HEFT, P. A. HEFT BARBER SHOP.

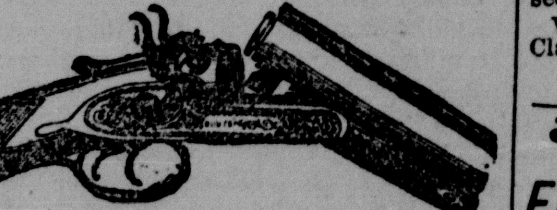
Ladies' and Children's Hair Cutting a Specialty
Our Shearing and Hair Cutting guarantees itself. Gives us a call.
Next door to Mead's Book Store.

JOHN HESS, REAL ESTATE

LOAN AND INSURANCE AGENT

J. A. SMITH

Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of



Guns, Rifles, Revolvers Powder, Shot, and SPORTING SUPPLIES.
RE-BORING SHOT GUNS A SPECIALTY.
Galena St., Near the Bridge.

GEO. K. REYNOLDS' OYSTER PARLORS.

First st., between Galena and Hennepin.
OYSTERS served in any style or by the can. Also a complete stock of cigars, tobacco, Candy, Nuts, Etc.

Chiverton & Bossemeyer, LEADING

PHOTOGRAPHERS.

Are prepared to do viewing. All parties desiring views of residences should have it done before the leaves fall.

GIVE US A CALL.

Prices Reasonable. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Chiverton & Bossemeyer, Dixon, Ill.

THEODORE RUST.

Watchmaker and Jeweler

FINE WATCHES A SPECIALTY.

FIRST STREET, - - DIXON, ILL.

ALEX TURNER, BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

Repairing of all kinds will receive prompt attention. Galena St., south end of Bridge.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

TILLSON & HAYDEN

Have the Finest Stock of
Lamp Goods, Wall Paper, Paints,
Oils and Window Glass
In the City.

J. B. MORRIS & SON,

—DEALER IN—
STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES PROVISIONS &c.

The Highest Cash Prices paid for Farm Produce. West side Galena St., Dixon.

GEO. G. ROSBROOK,

LIGHT LIVERY,
HEAVY TEAMING,
WOOD FOR SALE.
General Teaming Solicited.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

LOWEST CASH PRICES.
It will pay you to call and see me before purchasing elsewhere.

Goods Guaranteed to Wear as Represented

JAMES F. HALEY,
North side First Street, Dixon, Ills.

A. L. FISHER,

The reliable

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER!

GALENA STREET.
Repairing of all kinds neatly and promptly done. Give him a trial and be convinced.

J. H. PRATT

HAS A LARGE STOCK OF
BOOTS AND SHOES

Which he wishes to close out. Call and see him before purchasing elsewhere.

W. C. CAMPBELL,

Proprietor of

THE LEADING HORSE SHOEING SHOP

IN THE CITY.

FANCY SHOEING A SPECIALTY!

HACK LINE AND LIVERY!

GEO. G. ROSBROOK,

First Street.

All calls will receive prompt attention. Telephone number 26.

MICHAEL CAHILL,

Merchant Tailor

LARGEST STOCK to select from. Fits are Guaranteed.

FIRST STREET, DIXON, ILL.

D. KNAPP,

Manufacturer and dealer in

FINE TOBACCO AND CIGARS

FIRST STREET.

McCune

—THE—

ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHER.

Makes the Finest Photos in the city. Eva Vincent, the popular actress, writes:

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Sept. 25th.

My panels were received yesterday, and I am more than pleased, to say the least. I wish to compliment you on the beautiful finish, pose and style, which is superior to any I have ever seen.

Sincerely, EVA VINCENT.

We make the Largest, Finest and only First-Class Photos in Dixon. CALL AND SEE.

E. M. McCUNE, Dixon.

JOHN GRANT,

—DEALER IN—

Fine Boots and Shoes!

New Work and Repairing a Specialty. Being a Practical Shoemaker, he is better prepared to select the best qualities of Ready Made Work.

FIRST STREET, NEAR PEORIA ST.

MEAT MARKET!

Corner First and Peoria Sts.

A. FRENZEL, PROP.

The Best Meats The Market Affords, always on hand. Telephone No. 62.

HARNESS SHOP,

A. J. GRAFF, PROP.

Remember, when in want of Harness, Robes, Whips, etc., that they can always be found at his shop, at Lowest prices. Custom made Harness a specialty. Repairing neatly done.

SOUTH SIDE FIRST STREET, NEAR PEORIA.

E. WEIBEZAHN,

—Dealer in—

STAPLE + AND + FANCY + GROCERIES

Crockery. Fresh Seed always on hand at my store. Give me a call.

FIRST STREET, Opposite Express Office

FRED STEPHAN'S

Successor to

L. STEPHAN, Sen.,

Keeps the VERY BEST grades of

WINES AND LIQUORS

At his Saloon and Restaurant, at the Old Stand, First Street.

If you want good, guaranteed

CLOTHING!

Either in Ready Made or Made to Order, call and examine my stock before buying elsewhere

W. J. CARPENTER

FIRST STREET, DIXON.

J. C. AYRES.

REAL ESTATE AND LOANS

Office First Street.

C. J. ROSBROOK.

GOLD COIN STOVES.

HARDWARE.

ALL KINDS MACHINERY.

TOOLS OF ALL KINDS.

W. H. DEGRASSE

CASH GROCERYMAN.

Galena St., Second door north of First.

A full line of Fresh Groceries always in stock at LOWEST PRICES. Goods delivered to all parts of the city. Call and see my stock and get prices.

THOMAS CHEATLE,

Dealer in all kinds of

FRESH, SALT AND SMOKED MEATS

EGGS, BUTTER, LARD, &c., &c.

Poultry and Game bought and sold in season. Telephone No. 54. First street.

1861 ESTABLISHED 1861

J. F. DALEY,

DEALER IN

GROCERIES AND LIQUORS.

The oldest dealer and only importer of Wines and Liquors in the city.

GALENA ST., near Bridge

IF YOU WANT

A FIRST-CLASS SHAVE, A NEAT HAIR CUT, OR A SHAMPOO,

—GO TO—

BEVERLY REYNOLDS'

TONSORIAL PARLOR

Ladies and Childrens Hair Cutting a Specialty. Galena Street, first door north of First Street.

E. J. RYAN,

BAKERY, GROCERY, RESTAURANT.

—AND—

CONFECTIONARY

A fresh supply constantly on hand. My motto: "Equal Dealing to All." First St., Wm. Smith's Old Stand.

LIVERY AND FEED STABLE!

Fine stock of

Horses, Carriages, Buggies.

Sleighs constantly on hand. A Good Hearse for funeral occasions. Telephone 73; Water st.

McKENNEY & HACKETT.

KLOSSOWSKI & FRANKS,

DEALERS IN

MILLINERY.

FANCY GOODS, ETC.

Fall and Winter Goods Just Received; also Woolsen and Woollen. Corner of First and Hennepin Streets.

Rubber

BOOTS

—WITH—

DOUBLE THICK BALL.

Ordinary Rubber Boots always wear out first on the ball. The CANDEE Boots are double thick on the ball, and give

DOUBLE WEAR.

Most economical rubber Boot in the market. Lasts longer than any other boot, and the

PRICE NO HIGHER.

Call and examine the goods.

COMMON SENSE IDEA

DOUBLE THICK BALL.

FOR SALE BY

J. B. FARGO,

C. C. GODFREY

—Dealer in—

Staple and Fancy

GROCERIES.

Finest line of

Canned Goods

IN THE CITY.

PROF. PROCTOR says that earthquakes are assurances that the earth is not near death; that hundreds of thousands of years will still pass before the end is seen in the steady disintegration and removal of the land without renovation or renewal by the action of subterranean forces.

MR. GLADSTONE takes every day two glasses of claret at lunch and two at dinner, with a glass of port wine. His alcoholic consumption has been estimated by his son at seven gallons a year, which would be three and a half time the average consumption per head in England, and four and a half times the average of Europe.

A WESTERN inventor proposes to surround oil-tanks with several thicknesses of wire gauze, to protect them from lightning. He also thinks that a few sheets of the gauze a yard or two wide run hastily in shape of a dam across a creek or river aflame with oil would prevent damage below it, because the oil would pass through and leave the flame behind.

MRS. WILLIAM M. WELCH, of Keyser, Md., has a large cat that follows her at all times like a dog. Last week, while out with Mrs. Welch, the cat jumped on a large five-foot moccasin snake that was about to attack its mistress, and, after a hard fight, killed the reptile and then dragged it home, where Mrs. Welch had fled screaming as soon as she saw the snake.

AN old Mississippi pilot tell the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* that the affection exhibited by Mark Twain and his venerable mother, now a resident of Keokuk, Ia., is very refreshing. She always had firm faith in her son Samuel, and says of him: "He was always a good boy, Samuel was, though prone to be mischievous. He's always the same to me—the best son a mother ever had."

THE Kingston City horse railroad company has a bull-dog of intelligence. He always makes the first trip of the day, apparently for the purpose of clearing the tracks of stray animals. One day he was seen to watch the blacksmith very closely while he shod a horse. When the job was done the dog walked up to the smith, held up his paw, and showed plainly enough that he, too, wanted to be shod.

HELEN A. BLANCHARD, the daughter of an unsuccessful Portland merchant, failed as a boarding-house keeper in Boston, then barely kept soul and body together by running a sewing-machine in a Philadelphia clothing house, and then invented an over-seam stitch, and a patent sweat band for men's hats, and with the money from these successful inventions has bought back the old Maine homestead, where the family lived in the prosperous days of the past.

JAMES LYON, of Elmira, N. Y., desired a photograph of his fine St. Bernard dog. When the dog saw the camera pointed at him he suspected that something was wrong and bolted out of the door. He was coaxed back and posed again. Again he took alarm, and the door being shut, jumped out of a window, fell on an awning, broke through, fell on two young men, smashed a hat flat, and terribly scared a small colored bootblack. The dog weighs 150 pounds.

THE table of Leo XIII. does not cost more than \$2.50 a day. His Holiness takes three meals—the first at 9 o'clock in the morning, the second at 2:30 p. m., and the last at 10:30 p. m. In accordance with immemorial custom he always dines alone. Occasionally he admits his brother, Cardinal Pecci, to dine with him, but the latter does not eat at the same table. The only modern instance of a departure from this custom was made by the late Pius IX, who on the occasion of the Vatican council sat at table with the assembled bishops.

EX-SENATOR A. A. SARGENT, contributes an important paper to a late number of the *Overland Monthly*, on the subject of river rights. He takes ground in direct opposition to the English common law on this subject. According to that, the water flowing in front of a man's premises belongs to that man. Mr. Sargent declared that this should be changed and that inland owners of the soil should be permitted by law to ditch and draw water from the river through the riparian lands to their own ground. This would open up to cultivation a large amount of fertile land now lying barren in California and other western States.

THE banishment of malaria from the Roman Campagna by means of the

eucalyptus tree has been so often announced as a fact that it may be a surprise to many people to learn that, according to the recent demonstration of a scientific commission, whatever improvement has been effected in the sanitary conditions of Italy in this particular is the result simply of drainage and exposure of the humid soil to the direct rays of the sun, through the cutting away of forests. There is absolutely no proof that the eucalyptus trees deserve any credit at all. It is indeed affirmed, on the authority of Prof. Leverside, of the University of Sydney, that there are in Australia large forests of eucalyptus in which malaria is very prevalent.

MAURICE THOMPSON, the author and naturalist, says the *Indianapolis Journal*, is an Indian by birth, though a Georgian by education. His people were from Kentucky, and settled in Franklin County, this State, Maurice being born at the little town of Fairfield, in that county. When a child his parents removed to Kentucky, thence to Georgia, where they located in the hill country, about midway between Chatanooga and Atlanta, at a place called Calhoun. He was 23 years old when he left there for the North, having lived there twelve years. Of course, he was in the rebel army, going in as a mere boy, and coming out with a great store of experience. Mr. Thompson's knowledge of Southern life and customs is extensive and varied, gained by observations as a soldier, as a lover of woodcraft, as a civil engineer, and as a naturalist. He one remarked, not as a boast, but as a matter of plain fact, that he thought, as a naturalist, he had seen more of the wild South than any man living. Even now he goes every winter to some part of the South, pursuing his researches in woodcraft and natural history.

LENT B. MERRIAM, of the firm of Hart, Merriam & Co., of Hartford, Conn., has in his possession an autograph letter from Noah Webster. He has also, which is very rare, an uncut set of two volumes of the original edition of Webster's Dictionary. The letter is as follows:

LONDON, April 7, 1825.—Dear Sir: I have been trying for some weeks to find a purchaser of my dictionary, but without success. One bookseller declines without giving any reasons, another has too much capital embarked in other publications to permit him to undertake mine, and a third says explicitly he is too much engaged in Todd's, Johnson's, and the Encyclopedia Metropolitana. I know not what I shall ultimately do. The work is too heavy for me to publish at my own expense, and besides an author should never be his own publisher. I will take upon myself part of an impression, and carry the books to the United States, provided I can get some bookseller or booksellers to take the remainder. The gentlemen who have examined a portion of the manuscript think well of it—and one bookseller says explicitly the work will maintain its ground. But how to get it published, I do not know. I may yet be compelled to quit England without being able to lay the work before the public.

Please to make my respects to your good lady, to the Messrs. Fosters, Mr. Mandall, Mr. Thaddeus, Mr. Muggrave, etc. I shall always remember them and all my friends in Cambridge with great kindness.

I am, dear sir, with much esteem and respect, your obedient servant,

NOAH WEBSTER.

No. 7 New Ormond street, Queen's Square.

To W. G. Ashton, Esq.

JOHN WENGER, of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, has been totally blind for more than a quarter of a century. He is now nearly 50 years old, and though sightless since he was a boy, he is endowed with the most remarkable human instinct, far beyond the average seeing ones, and to one who is not aware of the facts it seems incredible that a sightless person could do what he actually does. Not satisfied with doing nothing, as many another would in his unfortunate condition, but his hands and mind are as busy as if sight was as grand a blessing to him as to those who see. He has quite a large country store, where he dispenses the usual goods that are sold by country merchants. There he is perfectly at home and everything is familiar and convenient to him as if seen, yet he never saw his stock of goods. He has the most acute sense of touch, and can as readily tell money by touch as others can by sight. He will go to almost any place in the county by himself; the roads seem to lead him wherever he wants to go. But the most remarkable of all is that besides taking care of his store he is agent for agricultural implements; among them are well-known binders, with which he is as familiar as the inventor himself. He is able to put them together and can tell at once when anything is wrong by hearing the machine at work.

HISTORICAL.

THE fairies were constantly green vests, unless they had reason for changing their attire, according to old-fashioned, superstitious people. Fairies also disliked irreligious people, we are told, and were great lovers of cleanliness and propriety.

THE FOREIGN DIPLOMATES.

How the Representatives of Other Nations Live in Washington.

The foreign diplomat at Washington, says "Carp" in the *Cleveland Leader*, are better paid than our ministers. The British Minister occupies one of the biggest houses at our national capital, and one which has more rooms, I venture, than the White House. He has, I think, an allowance for entertaining, and he receives a salary of \$30,000 a year. The German nation owns a house here, and its minister gets \$40,000 a year. The Japanese Minister receives \$20,000 yearly, and he is one of the most valuable men in the diplomatic circle. The wealthiest foreign minister is the representative of China, who always goes about in Chinese costume, and who has the reputation of being a great statesman at home. This man's name is Chang Yin Huan, and his father was, when he died, one of the richest men in China. Mr. Huan has a half-score of almond eyed celestials to help him, and he pays \$11,000 a year for house rent. The Turkish Minister wears English clothes and a red fez cap when he appears on State occasions. He is a dark-haired, dark-skinned man with oriental features. He lives much of the time in New York, and his salary is \$40,000 yearly. Baron de Struve, the Russian Minister, is put down as getting \$30,000 yearly. He is a very able man, and Senator Blaine spoke of his wife as being the cleverest woman in Washington. One of the brightest of the chiefs of the foreign legations is Col. Emil Frey, who is very popular here. He was a soldier in the Union army during the late war, and returned to his home in Switzerland after it was over and now represents that country here. He wanted to resign not long ago, but his government would not accept his resignation. M. Rouston, the French Minister, gets \$50,000 a year. He is now the subject of a great scandal in regard to some of his alleged doings while he represented his government at Tunis. Each of the foreign ministers at Washington has a crowd of attaches, secretaries, and clerks around him. These are generally young men, and now and then some of the men come before the police court for drunkenness, as was the case with a young South American last winter, and there are other instances where they should come, but do not. The majority of the attaches are, however, bright, respectable fellows. Most of them are of good families, and many of them are undergoing the education which will make them ministers later on. They do not, as a rule, receive high salaries, and many of them board cheaply. They make close contracts in getting their living, and I know of one young baron who has a sky-parlor and takes his breakfast of rolls and coffee in his room, and saves half of his dinner bills by accepting all social invitations.

Dangers From Dust.

The personal discomforts and, in some cases, danger which are caused by living in an atmosphere laden with dust are more or less familiar to all our readers, says the *Sanitary Engineer*. In some occupations it is a serious cause of disease, and special precautions to protect the workmen from its effects have been of late years more and more insisted on, and are now to be found in use in the best-regulated factories. This is especially the case with regard to those dusts composed of minute angular particles of stone or metal, such as are produced in the operations of grinding and polishing, and which tend to produce fatal disease of the throat and lungs. Another specially dangerous class of dusts are those which act not so much mechanically as by their chemical properties—the poisonous dusts, as they may be called. Such dusts are found in color-grinding establishments, in white-lead works, in workshops for the manufacture of artificial flowers, etc., the dangerous element being in most cases lead or arsenic. With regard to arsenical paper-hangings, whatever may be thought as to the probability of the production of disease by the slow and continued evolution of arseniureted hydrogen—and it seems to us that more experiment and observation is needed in this direction—there can be no doubt as to the dangers of the dust derived from the surface of such papers. Then we have the ordinary street dust, largely composed of finely pulverized horse-dung, which not only annoys us when walking or driving, but which permeates our houses, and there, reinforced by fresh clouds raised by the housemaid's broom, covers furniture, books, and pictures with its gray shroud. There is, nevertheless, something to be said in favor of this plague of dust; we should be badly off in some respects without it. All ordinary air contains dust, and the particles of dust in the air form centers of condensation for the watery vapor in the air, thus giving rise to fogs, clouds, and rain. If there were no dust in the air, whenever the air became supersaturated with moisture the latter would condense and deposit on all solid bodies with which it came in contact.

Safe Rules to Follow.

A matrimonial authority says: "These two rules will be safe to follow in all but a few exceptional cases: First, for a woman to refuse marriage with any man who is objected to by her male relatives—provided they are reasonably well acquainted with the object of supposed affection; and, secondly, for a man to refrain from offering his hand in marriage to a woman who is not approved by his sister, or if he has none, by his judicious lady friends. People who observe these precautions will rarely be heard of asking for bills of divorce."

The Setting-Up Drill.

After having seen the surgeon, and a few men had been excused for sore toes, lame backs, and strained wrists, the squad was brought out on the open field.

"By the numbers, setting up!"

The twenty men are arranged six feet apart. They are standing like so many objects of wood, and when they move it is the movement of parts of a machine. All eyes are staring in an expressionless way. The captain surveys his squad with big, round eyes, while he languidly scratches the sand in front of him with a stick.

"First exercise!"

At the syllable "ex" there is a rustling of coats, the twenty pieces of wood guided by unseen strings, mechanically bring their twenty wooden arms to a line with their chins, when all motion ceases with the suddenness of a snap!

Thus they stand, both arms outstretched in an attitude of supplication. Twenty pairs of eyes gaze in an expressionless way out into space.

Captain's big, round eyes stare, and his stick scratches in the sand.

"Grimes, hold up that head!"

"Bailey, higher with those hands!"

"Smalley, your chin, do you hear, your chin!" "Parker, stand steady, there!"

Poor Parker is unfortunate enough to be standing on a mole's hill. It is slowly sinking beneath his weight, and though Parker is being slowly buried, he dare not move. He tries in vain to obey and "stand steady;" the hill disappears and the man topples over, his hands extended.

"Parker, didn't you hear what I told you? You're a disgrace to the service, sir, and you'll go to the guard-house before breakfast!"

Big round eyes flash and stare all the harder, and stick scratches more nervously in the sand.

"Now, then, squad, two!"

The word "two!" at once re-inspires the twenty pieces of wood; the hidden strings change in a twinkling the attitude of supplication; each man is now in a new position, scratching the crown of his hat from both sides of his head at once.

Expressionless eyes gaze into space once more; Mr. Captain's stare and Mr. Captain's stick are restless again.

"Three!"

Again the hidden strings on the pieces of wood; arms are extended upward high in the air, as for a big yawn; down they come to their sides with a loud noise; all with suddenness and snap!

"Men, you are all asleep this morning, do wake up now! Let's have this exercise all over again!" "One!"—there is the supplication; "Two!"—over bends the squad, like a jack-knife shutting up; down, down; legs stiff and men patting the sand at their feet; "Three!"—knife opens; arms strike trousers with a snap!

There stand the pieces of wood again, and again expressionless eyes stare as before.

The scratching of the stick.

"Continue the motion, second exercise!"

Up with the hands; sweep down; pat the sand and give the slap at the sides; once! twice!—faces red and expressionless eyes staring and ghastly; collars rising up to ears and caps falling off; never mind!—keep unseen strings moving 'til—

"Squad, halt!"

The twenty pieces of wood become motionless. Stick digs in the sand.

"Never mind that hat there!" "Don't move that hand!" "Stand steady, there!" "What do you mean on the left!"

And thus the drill goes on; the twenty pieces of wood are moved by the unseen strings as the stick, and big, round eyes will; bowing, scraping, bending backwards; twisting arms from sockets, eyes out of heads; stamping the earth, facing right, left, and about; exercise after exercise, over and over again, till, finally, the stick scratches more energetically than ever in the sand, and the big, round eyes stare somewhat sterner.

"Men, you'll all have to do better than this; some of you act like raw recruits instead of men long in the service. Expect it real hot to-morrow. Resume your positions now; "Sergeant, dismiss this squad!"

And so ended the drill.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Origin of Our Continent.

It is believed by some scientific men that North America began its formation with islands of matter rising out of the ocean, which grew until they touched each other. Many of these islands were volcanoes that threw up matter that had formed below the surface of the water, and were larger below the water than above it. The Hawaiian Islands have had many volcanoes, and were much formed by them. The whole arena above the sea is no more than that of the State of Massachusetts, but their combined bases must be equal to the whole of New England and New York. Thus the original islands of this continent could easily have been made to enlarge and join each other, and the granite rock so abundant was once erupted from volcanoes, like flowing lava. Among the first volcanic islands must have been Greenland, Canada, east of Winnipeg, the Atlantic district, the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada; but as the islands rose and enlarged great depressions would naturally commence to go on, and in this way the depressions of Hudson's Bay, the Mississippi Valley, and the Salt Lake and Nevada basins were formed. These depressions will fill with massive sediments, which would eventually become rocks, and the depressions would have a saucer or platter shape.

RELIGIOUS BENEFITS OF SUPERSTITION.

How It Has Helped Out Religious Sentiment in the Past. (Atlantic Monthly.)

But superstition, it is claimed, begets cruelty, and cruelty is a vice now most rigorously frowned down by polite society. Daring spirits like Mr. Besant may still urge its claims upon our reluctant consideration. Mr. Andrew Lang may pronounce it an essential element of humor, or a purely speculative genius like Mr. Pater, may venture to show how adroitly it can be used as a help to religious sentiment; but every age has yet vices of its own, and, being singularly intolerant of those it has discarded, is not inclined to listen to any arguments in their favor. Superstition burned old women for witches, dotards for warlocks, and idiots for werewolves; but in its gentle aspect, it often threw a veil of charity over man and beast. The Greek rustic, who found a water newt wriggling in his gourd, tossed the little creature back into the stream, remembering that it was the unfortunate Ascalaphus, whom the wrath of Demeter had consigned to this loathsome doom. The mediæval housewife, when startled by a gaunt wolf gazing through her kitchen window, bethought her that this might be her lost husband, roaming helpless and bewitched, and so gave the starving creature food.

O was it war wolf in the wood?
Or was it mermaid in the sea?
Or was it man, or vile woman?
My ain true love, that misshaped thee?

The West Indian negress still bestows chicken soup instead of scalding water on the invading army of black ants, believing that if kindly treated they will show their gratitude in the only way that ants can manifest it—by taking their departure.

Granted that in these acts of gentleness there are traces of fear and self-consideration; but who shall say that all our good deeds are not built upon some such trestle work of foibles? "La vertu n'iroit pas si loin, si la vanité ne lui tenoit pas compagnie." And what universal politeness has been fostered by the terror that superstition breeds, what delicate euphemisms containing the very soul of courtesy! Consider the Greeks, who christened the dread furies "Eumenides," or "gracious ones;" the Scotch who warily spoke of the devil as the "good man," lest his sharp ears should catch a more unflattering title; the Dyak, who respectfully mentions the small-pox as "the chief;" the East Indian who calls the tiger "lord" or "grandfather;" and the Laplander, who gracefully alludes to the white bear as "the fur-clad one," and then realize what perfection of breeding was involved in what we are wont to call ignorant credulity.

Again, in the stress of modern life, how little room is left for that most comfortable vanity which whispers in our ears that failures are not faults! Now we are taught from infancy that we must rise or fall upon our own merits; that vigilance wins success, and incapacity means ruin. But before the world had grown so pitilessly logical there was no lack of excuses for the defeated, and of unflattering comments for the strong. Did some shrewd Cornish miner open a rich vein of ore; then it was apparent to his fellow toilers that the knackers had been at work, leading him on by their mysterious tapping to this more fruitful field. But let him proceed warily, for the knacker, like its German brother, the kobold, is but a capricious sprite, and some day may beguile him into a mysterious passage or long forgotten chamber in the mine, whence he shall never more return. His bones will whiten in their prison, while his spirit, wandering restlessly among the subterranean corridors, will be heard on Christmas eve, hammering wearily away till the gray dawn brightens in the east. Or did some prosperous farmer save his crop while his neighbor's corn was blighted, and raise upon his small estate more than their broader acres could be forced to yield, there was no opportunity afforded him for pride or self-congratulation. Only the witch's art could bring about such strange results, and the same sorceries that had aided him had, doubtless, been the ruin of his friends. He was a lucky man if their indignation went no further than muttered phrases and averted heads. Does not Pliny tell us the story of Cuius Furios Cresius, whose heavy crops awoke such mingled anger and suspicion in his neighbors' hearts that he was accused in the courts of conjuring their grain and fruit into his own scanty ground? If a woman aspired to be neater than her gossips, or to spin more wool than they were able to display, it was only because the pixies labored for her at night; turning her wheel briskly in the moonlight, splitting the wood and drawing the water, while she drowsed idly in her bed.

And every night the pixies good
Drive round the wheel with sound subdued,
And leave—in this they never fail—
A silver penny in the pail.

Even to the clergy this engaging theory brought its consolations. When the Reverend Lucas Jacobson Debes, pastor of Thorshaven in 1670, found that his congregation was growing slim, he was not forced, in bitterness of spirit, to ask himself were his sermons dull, but promptly laid all the blame upon the biergentroll, the specters of the mountains, whom he angrily accused in a lengthy homily, of disturbing his flock, and even pushing their discourtesy so far as to carry them off bodily before his discourse was completed.

SIR HENRY THOMPSON holds that the loss of the teeth in persons advanced in years is nature's way of inducing them to subsist on a vegetable diet; that the use of false teeth in so far as it enables them to masticate flesh, is a disadvantage.

AGAINST THE GRAIN.

BY E. REED.

For over a month there had been no rain. And the ground was dead and dry. While overhead the blazing sun Blazed down from a coppery sky.

And each farmer shook his head in doubt, As he gazed on his withering crop; And he watched each cloud, as it passed, for rain.

But there fell not a single drop.

Then a meeting was called to devise some plan The blighting fiend to chase; And three old men, as a last resort, Were sent to the pastor's house.

They told the holy man of the drought That was spoiling the ripening grain; And they asked him to fix up his sermon so As to work in a prayer for rain.

On Sabbath the prayer was offered up, But the pastor displayed no zest; And he said: "Man shouldn't dictate to the Lord. For whatever is best."

Once home, the pastor felt on his knees, That prayer to countermand; For the only crops the good man had Were growing on marshy land.

THE MILLER'S VISITOR;

—OR—

The Mystery of Scawton Mill.

[CONTINUED.]

"Good God, man!" he exclaimed to the neighbor who spoke to him on the subject, "do they mean to say that—that I murdered the lad?"

It was said, sure enough, and in hearing where it could not be ignored.

Norton took out a summons against the miller for an assault, and next market-day Christopher had to appear before the magistrates.

During the hearing of the case the cause of the quarrel came out, and such extraordinary statements were made by Norton and others that the magistrates had no other alternative but to commit Ringston to take his trial at the next County Assizes on a charge of murder. When he heard it Christopher staggered back, and turned so white that most people saw guilt written in his face. As soon as he could speak he called out to a neighbor present:

"Mr. Wicketts, will you break this to my wife when you get home? You're doing me a great injury, gentlemen," he added, looking at the magistrates, and then he tried to say more, but broke down, and his big frame shook with sobs of grief and shame.

When the day of trial came, the Miller of Scawton was so altered by three weeks' confinement in Lancaster jail, that his own wife hardly knew him when he appeared in court. She had been urged not to come by her friends; but she sat just where her husband could see her. For she said "she knew it would keep up Christy's heart a bit if he could rest his eye on her." But it was an agonizing time for them both, and for some hours it was generally thought the verdict would go against the accused.

The principal witness was Uncle Jennings, who deposed to the midnight visit to the mill, to the strange behavior of the miller, and to his disinclination to let any one approach the young man. Uncle Jennings had allowed his fondness for ferreting out facts, and an unlucky legal smattering, to lead him on until he had put together a pretty story, which, however harmless while it was conveyed to others by mere hints and head-shakings, was likely to imperil his nephew's neck, now that justice had got hold of it.

The other important witness against Christopher Ringston was poor old Simon Colter, the miller's man, who was so anxious to screen his master, and made such contradictory statements about the blood-stained sacks, and a certain hat and coat he had found in the weir next morning, that he was nearly committed for perjury, and was even by some persons suspected of being himself a party to the crime. But startling as was the evidence, it was insufficient to convict the prisoner, whose own story, as told by his counsel, was as follows:

The young man to whom the miller had given the night's lodging was Walter Soames, who had begged not to be made known to the Jenningses, and for that reason had been sequestered in the mill, where the miller had visited him at midnight, with no murderous intention, but to take him food and a change of clothes, his own having been destroyed.

As for a certain tobacco pouch found in Ringston's possession (of which great case had been made by the prosecution), it had been given to the miller by Mr. Soames himself, out of gratitude. What had since become of the young man, Ringston could not say. He had advised him to return home, but finding he was resolved not to do so, he had lent him clothes to get away from the neighborhood, and had promised to keep secret his intention of leaving the country. As for harming him he would as soon have harmed a son of his own. He had known Walter Soames since he was a lad, and often entertained him at the mill when he was on his fishing or sketching excursions.

"The supposition that the miller had, in cold blood, murdered the unfortunate young man, in order to get possession of a sum of money he was known to have about him, was a supposition utterly inconsistent with the known character and antecedents of the man," reasoned his advocate.

So Christopher Ringston was acquitted, but not without many persons questioning the justice of the verdict, nor without, alas! traces of the anguish he had undergone being left upon his character for life.

He went home with his wife, refusing any escort of friends, and said, as soon as he got indoors, that "he would never set foot within Lancaster town again."

When he discovered that little Esther, his eldest child, was staying with the Jenningses, who had come over to fetch her, and had offered "if anything went wrong to provide for her," his face turned dark as night.

"Then she wouldn't stay with thee, like this little lass?" he said, pointing to Minna, who had refused to go. "Then they may keep her," and he swore that Esther should never come back again.

Poor Mrs. Ringston could hardly believe that the gloomy, silent man who had

returned home to her was her own husband. His disposition seemed entirely changed. He no longer took his old interest in the business, but left his wife to manage it. She had to attend Lancaster Market, to buy the corn, to sell the flour—in short, to keep business going. Her spirit was equal to it all, but not her strength. She took cold one winter's day, in driving home through the snow, was seized with inflammation of the lungs, and died within a week.

"Esther," said Christopher to his wife as she lay ill, "did you think, like the rest of 'em, that—that I did it? Speak the truth, my lass, I can bear it."

"Oh, Christy, Christy," observed the wife, "ye don't know me better than that?" He was holding a cup to her lips at the moment; he stooped down and put his own lips there, and said:

"I do know thee, lass, but I wanted to hear it from thee, for there's many as should have been the last to think it of me, did think it—ay, and do so still."

Christopher was right. Public opinion had never reinstated him in his old place. Certain circumstances had never been explained, and there remained still the suspicious fact that Walter Soames had never been heard of since the night when he slept at Scawton Mill. Christopher read this in his neighbors' faces, and the effect it had upon him was to change him from a sunny, kind-hearted man to a morose and gloomy one, who did not care to conceal from his fellow-men the distrust he felt for them.

CHAPTER III. JOHN LOCKWOOD.

One summer afternoon, a few years later on, a young girl sat by the parlor window of the miller's house, sewing and singing to herself. It was not a cheerful song she sung, nor had the place a cheerful air. Scawton Mill in these later years had a neglected, ruined look, which, if it did not detract from its picturesque quality, would certainly have lessened its value in the market. The sorrowful singer was Minna Ringston, who kept her father's house, and had lived alone with him ever since her mother's death; for Esther had never returned home, and the breach between Christopher and the Jenningses had never closed.

Minna Ringston's life would not have been considered a very bright one by most young folks. She had to rise early, to work hard, to exercise both judgment and economy to make ends meet, and she had to bear the companionship of a gloomy man, whose face never brightened with a smile from one year's end to another.

Ever since his wife's death, Christopher Ringston had lived at open war with his neighbors; and his moroseness was such that it was confidently believed that nothing but a bad conscience could account for the change in him. People now remembered that his grandfather had not borne a very good character; and all the old tales that naturally grew about a sequestered place like Scawton Mills were raked up, until it was confidently asserted that it was haunted by at least two ghosts, and not a young woman in the neighborhood would take service in the miller's family.

Added to this, there had been an accident which ruined the declining business. A family had been nearly poisoned by some flour which was ground at Scawton; and, though it was clearly proven that the rats, and not the miller, had conveyed the poison into the flour, the neighbors never sent corn to be ground there again. Monstrous stories got about that human bones were ground in the flour, and children shuddered and took to their heels if they encountered the gloomy, dark-visaged Miller of Scawton in the Dale. Save his faithful younger daughter, and old Simon, who remained true to his master, there was not a soul, probably, who did not regard Christopher Ringston with distrust and aversion.

Minna's song was brought to a close by the discovery that it was five o'clock, and the kettle not boiling. When tea was ready, she ran to call her father, who was making hay along with Simon Colter in the meadow over the stream. He entered with a grave face.

"He's dying," said he—"Trusty's dying. I'd a mind to put a bullet through his head just now, when I passed the stable door and see him lie groaning yonder in the straw."

"Oh, father, won't he get better, think you? Poor old Trusty!" and the young girl's eyes filled with tears as she thought of the old horse, which had carried her and her sister so often as children, lying dying from an accident he had met with a few days before.

And then there was the hay! It was all cut, and was to have been got in on the morrow! What could she do now?

But Minna dared not put the question to her father, who sat silent and rueful at his tea. She tried to talk of other things; for to remedy troubles, and not to talk about them, was Minna's way. But she was thinking of the hay and how to save it all the time. After tea, she resolved to walk over to their neighbor, Mr. Wicketts, and ask him to lend them one of his horses; for she knew her father himself would never ask a favor from a neighbor.

Mr. Wicketts lived in a substantial farm house further down the Dale, and was well-to-do in the world, and had daughters who had been to school at Lancaster; and when she drew near, Minna perceived that the Misses Wicketts had company, and were having tea under the beech tree on the lawn. The young people all looked so smart and well-dressed that poor Minna felt afraid to approach them in her cotton gown. But she remembered that the hay would be spoiled if she did not, and so, like a sensible girl, plucked up her courage, entered the garden, and explained her errand to the farmer.

Among the young people was one more gayly dressed, and with a more stylish air, than the rest. Minna had been staring at her for some moments, when she suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Wicketts, it's sister Esther!" and she ran forward with flushed cheeks to embrace her.

But Miss Esther Ringston seemed more surprised than pleased to see her sister. They were almost strangers now; but Minna's heart throbbled fast, if Esther's did not, at the sight of her own flesh and blood.

"I didn't know—I'm so glad!" she said, sobbing. "I heard once before you had been visiting here, Esther; but this time you'll come and see father before you go, won't you?"

But Esther said she must obey her uncle and aunt's wishes. They had been father and mother to her, and she owed them a daughter's obedience. Esther spoke more correctly than Minna, and looked more like a young lady, for she had been to a boarding-school; but Minna was inexplicably shocked by her coldness, and at last turned

away with an aching heart when she found her pleading all in vain.

She had got a promise, however, that a horse should be lent to get in the hay, and she set off home as fast as she could, thinking over her sister's conduct.

It was a good two miles back to the mill, and, as the sun was getting low, Minna thought to hasten her return by taking a short cut through some fields that belonged to neighbor Norton. She had for often that a certain bull, of which she stood much in terror, was sometimes pastured in these fields; but the unpleasant fact was recalled to her by an ominous lowing that reached her ear when half-way across the second field. Mr. Norton's bull had a disposition as unamiable as his master's, and when Minna beheld the beast careering toward her, tail in air, she very naturally set off running, and reached the next stile almost dead with fright and exhaustion. At the moment when she was ready to sink down and be trampled on, a young man sprang over the stile, and lifted her over it before she well knew what had happened.

"Oh, thank you!" she said as soon as she could speak. "I—I thought I should be killed—killed!" and Minna began to cry.

"It was a close shave, but don't cry. You're safe enough now," said the young man, still threatening the bull with his stick; but the cowardly animal soon turned tail when he saw he had not a defenseless woman to deal with.

"Can you tell me whether I am on the right track for Shepton Fell?" asked the young man, who was a stranger to Minna.

"No, you're quite wrong. You have come too far up the Dale," she answered, drying her tears.

"I guessed as much when I sat there on the stile just now."

"You must turn back when you get into the road, and when you reach the inn by the bridge, you must ask your way."

But when they got into the road, the stranger insisted on seeing her safely home. "You are so upset that if another bull turns up he'll make quick work of you," said he, with a smile.

There was something so frank and pleasant about the young man, that Minna did not feel at all afraid of his company, shy as she generally was with strangers.

As they walked along, he put many questions to her about farming, and seemed to take much interest in the scenery; but he neither looked like a Lancashire farmer nor a traveling artist, such as Minna had often seen before this in the Dale, and he spoke in an accent that was so new to her that she almost laughed. Upon his remarking that they didn't get their hay crops in that fashion in his own country, Minna said:

"But you're an Englishman, aren't you?"

"No," said he, "I'm from Canada," and he went on to tell her so many interesting things about his own country, that Minna was quite surprised when she saw her home in sight.

"How queer!" said he, "I could swear I have seen this place before, and in this very same sunlight."

"Perhaps you've passed up the Dale before," said Minna.

"Never in my life. I set foot in England for the first time last Tuesday, and have been chiefly in Liverpool since. I suppose I must have dreamed of some such place, one time or other, for it seems as familiar to me as our own homestead."

Minna was thinking more of how she could prevent her companion accompanying her further than his words. The sight of a stranger would displease her father, she knew, and to let him go to the door and not ask him in would be downright uncivil after the services he had rendered her. But before she had made up her mind what to do, the young man cut the difficulty by saying:

"I'm going to ask for something to drink. I'm so thirsty with the heat that I nearly stopped to take a draft out of your brook just now."

Minna reddened visibly. There was nothing in the house but milk or cold tea, she knew. To refuse it, however, was impossible, though she already saw her father standing yonder in the doorway, looking on with wonder.

"Who's this?" he asked with an air of displeasure as they approached. Minna explained, and related the story of her fright.

"You ought not to have crossed the fields—you oughtn't to have set foot on Norton's land at all," said her father; and his tone was so choleric, and his face wore such an habitual frown now-a-days, that the young Canadian set him down for a brute, and pitied the young girl who had such a father.

Minna hastened into the house for the milk; the young man stood at the door, wondering why he was not asked in-doors. Being a bit of a wag in his way, and very plain-spoken, he remarked:

"Well, miller, are times so bad with you in this country, that you can't offer a seat to a stranger for fear of wearing out your chair-bottoms?"

"I don't ask strangers within my doors," answered the miller, grimly; "they're better outside—better and safer."

"That's social, anyhow," began the young man; but he checked himself, for there stood Minna with the milk.

When he had drunk it off, the miller, looking at him sternly, said:

"Now, young man, go on your way. That milk was given you, remember, by my daughter. She doesn't look like a murderer, does she? No; but if I had given it to you, they'd tell you down in the Dale that it was lucky for you if you wasn't a dead man afore morning," and he closed the door in the young man's face without another word.

"A pretty specimen of British manners," thought the young Canadian, as he turned away. "The man's mad, I suppose. How unhappy that pretty girl looked as her father shut the door on me!"

Minna Ringston's face haunted him all the way back to the little inn by the bridge, where, as it was now getting dark, he decided to stay the night, instead of pushing on to Shepton.

While at supper he made some inquiry of the landlord about the Miller of Scawton. So strange a story did he hear that he was unable to sleep when he went to bed. He lay thinking it over, wondering how he came to have that strange feeling of being familiar with a place which was quite impossible he could have ever seen before. All at once it flashed upon him that there hung upon the parlor wall, in his father's house, near Montreal, a picture representing the place just as he had seen it that evening. But he was too tired to pursue the train of thought he had started, and fell asleep almost immediately.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Young lovers are called turtles, and they are generally green turtles.

THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Some Points of Interest Regarding the American Flag.

In response to a communication of inquiry we give the following, compiled from the most authoritative and reliable sources: In the beginning of the Revolution a variety of flags were displayed in the revolted colonies. After the battle of Lexington the Connecticut troops displayed on their standards the arms of the colony with the motto: *Qui transtulit sustinet*; and later, by the act of the Provincial Congress, the regiments were distinguished by the various colors of their flags. It is uncertain what flag, if any, was used by the Americans at the battle of Bunker Hill. The first armed vessels commissioned by Washington sailed under the flag adopted by the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts as the one to be borne on the flag of the cruisers of that colony—"a white flag with a green pine tree." The first republican flag unfurled in the Southern States—blue, with a white crescent in the upper corner next to the staff—was designed by Col. William Moultrie, of Charleston, S. C., at the request of the Committee of Safety, and was hoisted on the fortifications of that city in September, 1775.

The official organ of the "grand Union" flag is involved in obscurity. At the time of its adoption at Cambridge the colonies still acknowledged the legal rights of the mother country, and therefore retained the blended crosses of St. George and St. Andrews, changing only the field of the old ensign for the thirteen stripes emblematic of their union. The color of the stripes may have been suggested by the red flag of the army, and the white flag of the navy, previously in use. Congress resolved, on June 14, 1777, "that the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." This is the first recorded legislative action for the adoption of a national flag. The thirteen stars were arranged in a circle, although no form was prescribed officially. The flag thus adopted remained unchanged until 1794, when, on motion of Senator Bradley, of New York, it was resolved that from and after May 1, 1795, "the flag of the United States be fifteen stripes, alternate red and white, that the union be fifteen stars, white in a blue field." This was the flag used in the war of 1812-14. This act made no provisions for future alterations, and none were made until 1818, although several new States had meanwhile been admitted into the Union.

In 1816, on the admission of Indiana, a committee was appointed "to inquire into the expediency of altering the flag." A bill was reported on January 2, 1818, but was not acted on, which embodied the suggestions of Capt. Samuel C. Reid, a distinguished naval officer, who recommended the reduction of the stripes to the original thirteen, and the adoption of stars equal to the number of States, formed into one large star, and a new star to be added on the Fourth of July next succeeding the admission of each new State. On April 4, 1818, a bill embodying these suggestions, with the exception of that designating the manner of arranging the stars, was approved by the President, and on the 13th of the same month the flag thus established was hoisted over the Hall of Representatives at Washington, although its legal existence did not begin until the following Fourth of July.

In 1859, when Congress passed a vote of thanks to Capt. Reid, the designer of the flag, it was suggested that the mode of arrangement of the stars should be prescribed by law, but the matter was overlooked. The stars in the unions of flags used in the War Department of the Government are generally arranged in one large star; in the navy flags they are invariably set in parallel lines. The blue union of stars, when used separately, is called the union jack. The United States revenue flag, adopted in 1799, consists of sixteen perpendicular stripes, alternately red and white, the union white, with the national arms in dark blue. The union used separately constitutes the revenue jack. The American yacht flag is like the national flag, with the exception of the union, which is a white foul anchor in a circle of thirteen stars, in a blue field.—*Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise*.

Plenty of Room at the Top.

Literature, like the ministry, medicine, the law, and all other occupations, is cramped and hindered for want of men to do the work, not want of work to do. When people tell you the reverse they speak that which is not true. If you desire to test this you need only to hunt up a first-class editor, reporter, business manager, foreman of a shop, mechanic or artist in any branch of industry and try to hire him. You will find that he is already hired. He is sober, industrious, capable and reliable and is always in demand. He cannot get a day's holiday except by courtesy of his employer, or of his city, or of the great general public. But if you need idlers, shirkers, half-instructed, unambitious, and comfort-seeking editors, reporters, lawyers, doctors, and mechanics apply anywhere. There are millions of them to be had at the dropping of a ban kerchief.

The young literary aspirant is a very curious creature. He knows that if he wished to become a tinner the master smith would require him to prove the possession of a good character and would require him to promise to stay in the shop three years—possibly four—and would make him sweep out and bring water and build fires all the first year, and let him learn to black stoves in the intervals. If he wanted to become a mechanic of any other kind, he

would have to undergo this same tedious, ill-paid apprenticeship. If he wanted to become a lawyer or a doctor, he would have fifty times worse, for he would get nothing at all during his long apprenticeship, and in addition would have to pay a large sum for tuition and have the privilege of boarding and clothing himself. The literary aspirant knows all this, and yet he has the hardihood to present himself for reception into the literary guild and ask to share its high honors and emoluments without a single twelve months' apprenticeship to show in excuse for his presumption.

He would smile pleasantly if he were asked even to make so simple a thing as a ten-cent tin dipper without previous instruction in the art; but, all green and ignorant, wordy, pompously assertive, ungrammatical, and with a vague, distorted knowledge of men and the world, acquired in a back country village, he will serenely take up so dangerous a weapon as a pen and attack the most formidable subject that finance, commerce, war, or politics can furnish him withal. It would be laughable if it were not so bad and so pitiable. The poor fellow would not intrude upon the tin-shop without an apprenticeship, but is willing to seize and wield with unpracticed hand an instrument which is able to overthrow dynasties, change religion and decree the weal or woe of nations.—*Mark Twain*.

The Other Strawberry.

An officer who was patrolling Mullett street saw a crowd of people at a corner, and he hastened his steps to discover a man sitting on the ground with his back to a tree, while a score of women and boys surrounded him. When the officer made inquiries as to what had happened, a short, stout woman with her sleeves rolled up confronted him and replied:

"He's my husband. He's a good-for-nothing lazy-bones of a man, and we've had a row."

"What about?"

"Well, I've had to support him by washing for the last year, and he's been humble enough up to a week ago. Then he took fifty cents of my money and went to a fortune-teller. She told him that I would die very soon, and that he would marry a strawberry blonde with \$50,000 in cash."

"Seventy-five thousand dollars, my dear," sighed the man on the grass.

"You shut up! He came home stepping high and feeling smart, and half an hour ago he had the cheek to tell me that I stood in his road. In fact, he wanted to know when I was going to die!"

"I merely inquired," groaned the husband.

"And I merely left my suds and jumped into him," she continued. "It was a pretty even thing in the house, but when I got out where I could swing my right I gave him a couple below the belt and tied him up. Strawberry blonde—\$75,000—second marriage—humph! I'm his strawberry! When I get through with him I'll make that fortune-teller see strawberries for the rest of her born days!"

"Well, be gentle," cautioned the officer, as he passed on.

"Oh! I won't hurt nobody nor nothing," she replied; and as the officer passed on she lifted the man to his feet and banged him up the steps and into the house in a double-entry style of book-keeping that rattled the shingles.—*Detroit Free Press*.

An Unsuccessful Failure.

The habit of failing with full pockets got something in the nature of a back-set not long since in a small Texas town. He sold out the stock for cash, put the money in his pocket, and settled down to have a nice quiet time of it. His principal creditor, a Houston merchant, having arrived in the town, called on the bankrupt. He was a well-dressed gentleman, but there was a gritty sort of a look about him.

"You say there are no assets?" he remarked.

"Nairy durned asset."

"I think there should be some assets, and that I should be a preferred creditor."

"There are no assets and all my creditors are deferred creditors. The only asset that I've got for my creditors is a Waterbury watch, and it will take six months to wind it up. You can have it if you want it."

"I want no humbug about this. Where is the money you got from the sale of the groceries?"

"It's right here in my pocket," said the bankrupt.

"Well, you are a cool one."

"I've got the money right here, and I'm going to keep it," replied the bankrupt, tapping his pocket.

"Got it in your pocket?"

"Yes, in greenbacks."

The creditor placed his hand in his own pocket, and looking steadily at the bankrupt, said: "I've got my pistol in my pocket—don't you move—and it never fails. If you don't give me the contents of your pocket I'll give you the contents of mine." And before the astonished bankrupt could reply he was looking down the muzzle of a pistol that seemed to be as big as a flour barrel. The Houston man got his money. The unfortunate bankrupt says that his failure was the most complete failure on record, and he feels as sore as a man who has pounded his finger with a tack hammer.—*Texas Siftings*.

A COUNTRY PLUMBER takes half a column of his local newspaper to advertise "Cast Iron Sinks." Whoever said it didn't?

THOUGH men's persons ought not to be hated, yet without all peradventure their practices justly may.—*South*.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE. CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN R. R.

TRAINS GOING EAST.		
Sterling Passenger	7:02	A. M.
Pacific Express	10:55	"
Marshalltown Passenger	2:30	P.
Leaves	3:30	"
Denver Passenger	3:10	A. M.
Freight	3:57	P.
Freight	7:47	A.
Freight	1:43	P.
GOING WEST.		
Sterling Passenger	7:42	P.
Pacific Express	3:42	"
Marshalltown Passenger	12:45	"
Denver Passenger	2:45	A. M.
Freight (except Monday)	5:48	"
Freight	12:25	P.
Freight	3:50	"
Freight	5:40	"
Freights carrying passengers.		
Pacific Express runs every third Sunday.		
E. E. HAND, Agent.		
ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.		
GOING SOUTH.		
Passenger	11:04	A. M.
Passenger	3:30	"
New Passenger	5:57	P. M.
GOING NORTH.		
Passenger	2:15	P. M.
Passenger	12:37	A. M.
New Passenger	6:16	A. M.
W. C. WOOLEY, Agent.		
*Daily except Sunday.		
Daily except Monday.		

Smoke Gato's ten cent and Pinnacle five cent cigar. 896w1

Smoke the Pinnacle and Gato Key West cigar sold by GEO. REYNOLDS.

FOR SALE—One of the best family Horses in Dixon.
One finely-bred young Mare, with foal.
One grade Jersey Cow.
One fresh Jersey Heifer.
896tf 888t1 J. H. L. ORVIS.
Finest perfumes in stock at Keyes'. 893 887w2

Seipp's celebrated extra pale beer on draught at the Keyesone sample room. 892 THEO. LUCE, Prop.

New lamps at Keyes' Drug Store.

DIXON PUMP AND PIPE WORKS
We are now prepared to do all kinds of repairing, such as wind-mills, mowers, wringers, sewing machines, etc. Will also do a general business in plumbing, pipe buildings for water, steam, or gas; put in new or repair old pumps. Light machinery made new and repaired. Satisfaction guaranteed.
ATKINS & BENNETT,
Water St., Watter's old stand.

Best quality of cigars at Keyes'.

To Whom It May Concern.
All accounts and notes due B. B. Higgins, must be settled on or before Dec. 1st, 1886. Call on A. S. Higgins, at office of A. C. Bardwell, over City Nat. Bank. 884w3876w3

Dying and Cleaning.
Of all kinds, on Second street west of arch, by S. Lathrop. 864 748tf

Tilson & Hayden would specially recommend to the ladies Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets. As a laxative they have no equal. They are guaranteed to cure Chronic Constipation, Dyspepsia, and all disease arising from a deranged stomach. With the free use of the Tablets, Sick Headache is impossible. 597y.

Small cans of handy paint at Keyes'.

If people troubled with colds, would take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral before going to church or places of entertainment, they would avoid coughing, greatly to the comfort of speakers and hearers. The Pectoral wonderfully increases the power and flexibility of the voice.

Tillson & Hayden wish to state that they have at last found an article they can sell on its merits. It is with pleasure they guarantee to the public Acker's English remedy as a sure and never-failing cure for Asthma, Coughs, Whooping Cough, Croup and all Lung Troubles. 598y1

The celebrated Wiener Milwaukee beer on tap and for sale by the bottle, case or small kegs at Fred Stephan's saloon and restaurant. 890w2

A corn salve at Keyes' drug store.

Tillson & Hayden wish to make an assertion, which they can back with a positive guarantee. It is all about Acker's Blood Elixir. We claim for it superior merits over all other remedies of its kind, and guarantee for it a positive and sure cure for Rheumatism, Syphilis and all blood disorders. It frees the skin from spots and disease, and leaves the complexion clear. Ask us about it. 598y1

Rosbrook's Hack Line and Livery.

All calls to and from trains to any part of the city will receive prompt attention. Telephone No. 26. Leave orders at C.A. Todd's hat store. 886tf

Thermometers at C. H. Keyes.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla works directly and promptly, to purify and enrich the blood, improve the appetite, strengthen the nerves, and brace up the system. It is, in the truest sense, an alterative medicine. Every invalid should give it a trial.

Wood.
Good dry wood for sale, \$4.00 delivered. M. McROBERTS.

Glass and putty at Keyes'.

ISAAC MEANS,

STILL ON DECK.

At the Old Stand, where you will find

COAL

Salt, Lime.

DRY WOOD

Etc., which he sells as LOW AS THE LOWEST, and of

FIRST QUALITY

GIVE ME A CALL.

ISAAC MEANS.

FINE

FURNITURE

—AT—

C. CONNERMAN'S STORE

ROUND CORNER BLK.,

Galena Street, Dixon, Ill

ELEGANT CHAMBER SETS!

—AT—

Very Low Prices.

MAKE YOUR WIFE A Holiday Present that is useful.

Look at My Stock; No Trouble to Show Goods

C. CONNERMAN.

E. A. BODWELL

—DEALER IN—

HARDWARE, STOVES, CUTLERY &c

Dixon,

Has, at his place of business, A PUMPKIN. The person who purchases at Mr. Bodwell's store one dollar's worth of goods, will be given a guess free of cost, and the person guessing nearest to the number of seeds which the Pumpkin contains will be PRESENTED WITH A

No. 30 Sterling Heating Stove

Call at Mr. Bodwell's and SEE BOTH PUMPKIN AND STOVE, now on exhibition. On Thanksgiving day, 1886, at ten o'clock, A. M., the Pumpkin will be opened, and its seeds counted, by a committee of three, selected by the purchasers present, when the handsome Sterling Heating Stove will be presented to the winner.

E. A. BODWELL

SPALDING'S ATHLETIC RULE
Governing all Athletic Sports, together with the largest illustrated Catalogue of Sport Goods ever offered, mailed for 25c, which is allowed to the purchaser of goods to the amount of \$1 and upward. A. G. SPALDING & BROS., Chicago, or 241 Broadway, N. Y.

THE LEADING PIANO IS THE BRADBURY

To know how J. S. PRESIDENTS, BISHOPS and distinguished statesmen praise it, write a postal card to the manufacturer, F. C. SMITH, 141 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, for his

A-LOG.

TANSILL'S PUNCH 5¢

Outsells the world! Demand unprecedented and rapidly growing. Ask for TANSILL'S PUNCH 5c Cigar. For special terms and exclusive agency at Dixon, dealers should address at once, **R. W. TANSILL & CO., M'fr's** 55 State St., CHICAGO, ILL.

THANKSGIVING

PROCLAMATION!

The experiment of a Wholesale Family Native Wine House in Dixon has proven a Grand Success. The reason of this Grand Success is simple enough:

The Pacific Wine Co

Have handled nothing but



Absolutely Pure California Wines

—AND—

BRANDIES,

And have sold them Just as Cheap as the same class of goods can be purchased in Chicago; and now in order to further advertise their Pure Wines, the

Pacific Coast Wine Co

Will sell wines from now

UNTIL JANUARY 1st,

At the following

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES

So that every family in Lee county—Rich and Poor alike—can have a bottle of

Absolutely Pure NATIVE GRAPE WINE

For their THANKSGIVING and CHRISTMAS DINNER.

Greatly Reduced Family Price List for Holidays

CALIFORNIA WINES

PORT. quart bottle
Old Gov. Port Wine ex. superior 75c. worth \$1.00
Pure Juice Port Wine, very fine. 60c. .85

SHERRIES.
Vino Fino Sherry Wine, very old 75c. worth \$1.00
Cabinet Sherry Wine. 60c. .85

ANGELICAS.
Pure Angelica Wine, vintage 1880 75c. worth \$1.00
Angelica, very fine. 60c. .85

CLARETS.
Red Zinfadel, extra superior. 85c. worth \$1.25
Claret wine, St. Julien. 50c. .75

CATAWBA
Dry Catawba, 6 years old. 75c. worth \$1.00
Sweet Catawba, 6 years old. 75c. 1.00
Rine Wines, (Hochheimer) Im. 75c. 1.00

IMPORTANT ANNEX

—THE—

Pacific Coast Wine Co.

Will, from this date, serve each day,

A Warm

FREE BUSINESS MENS LUNCH

From 11 o'clock A. M. to 2 P. M. and from 8 to 11 P. M., and on Saturday, in order to accommodate our Farmer Friends, will serve Warm Free Lunch from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M.

PACIFIC COAST WINE CO.,

NACHUSA HOUSE.

F. M. SCOTT, Manager.

For LINEN. For COTTON. For WOOLEN. For BEDDING. For BLANKETS. For GARMENTS. For CHILDREN. For MOTHERS. For DAUGHTERS. For DISHES-CHINA or STONE. For MONDAYS. For POTS and KETTLES. For LAUNDRY. For WASH DAY. For PANS. For WASHTUB. For GROWN FOLKS.



SANTA CLAUS SOAP
ALL GOOD GROCERS sell SANTA CLAUS SOAP and YOU ought to try it.
is made only by N. K. FAIRBANK & Co CHICAGO.
5 CENTS A CAKE

DIXON Coal and Wood Yards!

BEST QUALITY

Hard and Soft Coal

—AND—

WOOD!

ALWAYS ON HAND.

Headquarters for All Kinds of

SALT.

H. STREET.

TELEPHONE 61.

STOVES

Stove Repairs, Stove Pipe and Elbows, Drums for heating Chambers; the best Smoke Stack in the market, and, in fact, everything in the stove line first-class and cheap, at my shop, near bridge.

CHAS: ANDRES.

COAL

[The best quality of

Hard and Soft Coal

—AT—

LOWEST PRICES

[Always on hand.

Telephone No. 19.

S. D. PORTER, Agt

Orders left with C. J. ROSBROOK or at SPENCER & BECKER's will receive.

PROMPT ATTENTION.

New Goods

—AT—

BRUBAKER & CARPENTER'S.

NEW CARPETS

NEW DRESS GOODS

NEW PRINTS

NEW GINGHAMS

NEW SILKS

NEW VELVETS and PLUSH

New Goods Every Day

—AT—

BRUBAKER & CARPENTER

LIVERY

—AND—

FEED STABLE

East Main Street.

The finest assortment of HORSES AND CARRIAGES in the city.

Boarding A Specialty

Our feed stable is large and commodious, and CHARGES REASONABLE.

MRS. S. PECK, Proprietress.

J. N. HILLS, Manager.

JNO. A. DEETER

—DEALER IN—

FLOUR AND FEED,

And Also Custom Miller

All kinds of

Constantly ON HAND. Flour and Feed Constantly ON HAND.

PURE BUCKWHEAT FLOUR. GOOD BAILED HAY AND FIRST CLASS OIL MEAL.

PRICES REASONABLE.

Please Give Me A Call